

THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY ENJOYING A REST AT THE
HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.—SEE DOUBLE-PAGE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY.

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For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used.

Special Notice.—Every photograph should be carefully and fully titled on the back, not only with a description of the picture, but also with the full name and address of the contestant, plainly written. Address "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York."

A Market for Our Surplus.

IT is an old and somewhat vulgar axiom that "one can have too much of a good thing." But there is truth in the homely expression. Hard times have usually followed years in which there has been over-production; years in which we have raised or produced more merchantable commodities than we could sell at a profit. Over-production in manufacturing has meant too many employes, too many factories, and too large an output. In agriculture it has meant too much cotton, wool, wheat, and corn. The workmen in the factory, the manufacturer, and the stockholder in the corporation, in seasons of over-production, have suffered alike with the farmer, the dairyman, and the wool-grower; and less than six years ago fears were expressed for the future welfare of a nation like ours that produced so much more than it consumed.

The country has been growing with great rapidity. Its manufacturing industries and its tillable areas outgrew the requirements of the people; over-production and general depression were the consequences. For such a situation the only hope was in finding larger markets for farm and factory, and these obviously had to be sought elsewhere than among ourselves. The prosperity of the past few years is the natural result of the enormous increase of our exports of grain and manufactured products, exceeding in the aggregate anything in the records of the past. It is difficult to realize that our total exports during the past fiscal year ending with June were nearly at the rate of \$100,000,000 per month, and that for the preceding fiscal year of 1898 they were even larger. For years the United States had been the granary of the world, but it is only within the past two years that our manufactured products have been sought for by every civilized nation. This hopeful situation has a particular interest now in connection with the discussion of the Philippine question.

Our Pacific coast is now within easy touch of China, one of the greatest of the consuming nations. No other commercial nation is nearer to it than we, and the possession of the Philippines makes us the next-door neighbor of all the undeveloped portion of Asia, and opens enormous possibilities of trade in that direction. Russia, England, Germany, and France, awake to the possibilities of the future, are constantly intriguing to secure points of vantage in the East. American interests are threatened by these intrigues, for we are not expected to share in the commercial advantages that these nations seek, and they will exclude us from them if possible. They cannot exclude us if we retain the Philippines, for we will then stand at the gateway of Asiatic commerce, and it will be ours to command the situation. Already, as the Hon. John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, points out, our shipments of wheat from a single port on the Pacific—Portland, Oregon—to Hong-Kong have been swelled sixteen hundred per cent. within the past decade, and, annually, the cities on our Pacific coast are sending millions of dollars' worth of American produce and manufactured products to China and Japan. Mr. Barrett says there is no reason why ten years hence China should not take, every year, \$20,000,000 worth of American cottons. Its imports are constantly increasing, and our geographical position entitles us to the highest percentage of China's trade.

This is a great and prosperous country, and as it increases in population it must increase its industries and its farming and agricultural areas, and also its markets, in order to support its people. No nation ever achieved real

greatness and prosperity by producing only sufficient for its own consumption. No farmer can expect to become rich by raising only sufficient for his own support. The nation is like the individual. It grows wealthy not on what it consumes, but on what it sells to other consumers, and if the United States is to continue to enjoy prosperity it must follow the successful example of the other great commercial nations, and enter the markets of the world and win them for its own.

There has been so much sentimentality about the discussion of the Philippines that the practical side of the question has been almost hidden from view. After all, that is the side of the question that first deserves consideration.

American Use of Wealth.

IT is a timeworn reproach that we are a nation of shopkeepers; that we pursue nothing so eagerly as the almighty dollar. But is this indictment true? The facts do not sustain it. In an address before many college students last June, on the attitude of universities toward the wealth of the country, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York City, made some observations on this point which were as true as they were wise and patriotic. "Probably nowhere in the world," he said, "is wealth more widely used for the public welfare than in the United States. This holds true not only in respect of gifts and benefactions, but of all well-considered bona-fide investments."

Very recently a notable and striking confirmation of this statement of Dr. Huntington has been made in an English periodical, *The Contemporary Review*, by so careful and just an observer as Mr. Frederic Harrison. "An example of public spirit is far more common," he says, "in the United States than in Europe. In England our magnates of high rank and vast possessions think that they can best gratify their fellow-citizens by exhibiting their own magnificence, and best advance the public taste by occasionally admitting them to view their galleries or their race-horses. The wealthy citizens of America are more wont to devote their abundance to the public, and have given a large part of the universities, libraries, museums, and observatories in the States. The example is too rare in England—almost unknown in London."

A brief statement of the magnificent gifts made to some of our American colleges by American citizens within the past few years will show how strong the basis upon which the utterances we have quoted rest. Mr. Charles Pratt gave to the institute which bears his name in Brooklyn the sum of \$3,600,000; Leland Stanford, Jr., University in California has received nearly \$5,000,000 in endowments, not including the magnificent sums recently bestowed upon it by Mrs. Stanford; Lehigh University was enriched by Mr. Asa Packer with the sum of \$2,000,000; Boston University received a like sum from Mr. Isaac Rich; Drexel Institute, the great manual-training school of the West, received \$3,000,000 from its founder, Anthony J. Drexel; Colgate University was the recipient of \$1,000,000 from Mr. James B. Colgate; Columbia University received a like amount from Hon. Seth Low, and Clark University twice as much from Mr. Jonas G. Clark. Larger yet than any other was the endowment of \$7,426,000 conferred upon the University of Chicago by Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Space would fail us to enumerate other benefactions of like kind by Paul Tulane, James Lick, Leonard Case, George I. Seney, and other American capitalists, aggregating a vast total. In addition to these individual gifts, mention may be made of the endowments of Yale, amounting to \$4,500,000; Dartmouth College, with its \$2,000,000; New York University, with its \$3,300,000, all made up in the same way by gifts of wealthy men.

The total amount of endowments in a list of twenty American colleges and universities before us is nearly \$35,000,000; truly a splendid testimonial to the generosity, philanthropy, and public spirit of American men of wealth. Nowhere in the world, not even in Germany nor in England, with all their great and historic seats of learning, can anything be found to compare with this. To these great schools of learning might be added also a long list of hospitals, asylums, public libraries, art museums, and other institutions for the use and benefit of the people, to be found scattered all through the United States, which owe their existence chiefly, if not wholly, to the liberality and philanthropic spirit of our Vanderbilts, Astors, Armours, Pratts, Marquands, and Carnegies. Going no further, then, for the present than the matter of the use of wealth, it is made clear by the testimony even of a foreign observer that in this respect this country is in advance of all others.

It would be easy to adduce facts of a similar character relating to every feature of American life, social, industrial, religious, and political. The facts lie on the surface of things, and are obvious enough to all except those who will not see. Optimism in thought and feeling is the normal and healthy condition of the American mind. Pessimism, in the large and inclusive sense of the term, has no reason for being in a land so uniformly prosperous, so peaceful, so happy, and with such a promising future as this American republic. That in a country like this the average man should be a hopeful and cheerful person argues nothing except what might be expected of a reasoning being.

Rural Mail Delivery a Success.

A DAILY free-mail delivery among the farmers in Chester County, Pennsylvania, has proved so much of a success that it is now proposed to extend the system to other counties in that State. The Post-office Department selected this region for an experiment in rural delivery because all the conditions seemed to be present for giving the system a fair test. Only one delivery a day was made up to July 1st, but since that date the area of operations has been widened and two deliveries a day are now made. Reports of the experiment show a large and steady increase in postal business in the region covered since it began in January of this year. The farmers are highly pleased with the system and it works satisfactorily all around.

No apparent reason exists why rural delivery should not be extended over the whole country in the near future. The system has been in successful operation in Great Britain and other parts of Europe for years, and it has also been introduced in Japan. The United States ought not to be behind in a great public benefit like this. It has been demonstrated over and over again that a reduction in the rates of postage and other means adopted to facilitate and improve postal communication are quickly followed by results fully justifying the added trouble and expense. The volume of postal business is immediately increased and the service becomes more and more in favor with the people. Every step forward, in fact, in the way of extending the postal facilities of the country has proved of great advantage to the people, and it will be the same with free rural delivery.

It is due to the farming population that this great privilege should be extended to them by the government. It will bring them in closer touch with the world; it will help to relieve the dullness and monotony of their lives; it will be a benefit to them socially, intellectually, and financially. In the opinion of Edward Everett Hale, the post-office is the greatest educational institution of modern times. If this is true, as we believe it is, then the whole people, including the population of the rural sections, should have the full benefit of it.

The Plain Truth.

No reform has come to New York in many years more satisfactory in its workings and more substantial and permanent in its results than the movement to secure better housing for the poor and the laboring classes. The Gilder tenement-house commission did excellent work in this direction. It was through its agency that the rear tenement was condemned and hundreds of these death-traps have been abolished. It is gratifying to note that the good work in this line is to be continued by the tenement-house committee of the Charity Organization Society. This committee has recently made public its plans for securing still further improvements in tenement houses. It suggests, for example, that a law be enacted that no tenement house less than forty feet wide shall hereafter be built unless all its rooms open upon the street or yard. Other provisions are suggested tending to do away with the overcrowding of tenements and insuring a better supply of light and air. While some of the changes proposed are of a radical nature, there can be no doubt of their desirability. Any rational and practical plan for improving the home life of the struggling masses in all our large cities deserves encouragement.

That any of us will be crowded off the edge of the world by over-population is not at all likely for some centuries to come at least, but figures of increase in the population of European countries, recently compiled by Sir Robert Giffin, show that the time may come when the alarmist doctrine of Malthus may find some reason for being. According to Sir Robert's statistics, the population of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland, and Ireland—has increased since 1871 from 32,000,000 to 40,000,000. At the beginning of this century the three countries just named had a population of 11,000,000, and France of 26,000,000, yet today the proportion of population in both countries is almost alike. Russia has increased her population by 60,000,000 since 1871, the result being that she now has a total population of 130,000,000. Germany had a population of 20,000,000 at the beginning of this century; now she has between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000, of whom almost a quarter is the result of the increase of births over deaths. When it is remembered that all of these countries, and Germany and the United Kingdom in particular, have suffered a heavy drain from immigration during these same years, the figures have added significance. Since 1871 the United States has received nearly 4,000,000 immigrants from the United Kingdom, and Germany has sent us about as many.

To one who finds joy in statistics there is nothing comparable in interest with the annual reports of the interstate commerce commission. In big figures and astounding totals it outranks anything statistical except the annual statements of the Post-office Department. Thus the eleventh annual report of the commission, now before us, for the year ending June 30th, states that the number of passengers carried by the railroads of the United States during the year was 501,066,681, a number equal to more than six times the total population of the country, or one million more than that of all China. The gross earnings for the year were \$1,247,305,621, an amount considerably in excess of the interest-bearing debt of the United States. Of special interest in this connection is the statement that there was an increase of 48,039 miles of track during the year, 28,694 locomotives, 11,621,483 passengers, and \$59,787,366 in net earnings. These increases indicate unusual prosperity for the railroads, and that means prosperity all around. Figures of a gruesome sort are furnished in the statement that 6,859 persons were killed on the railroads during the year, and 40,882 injured, figures which make the total casualties in our war with Spain seem insignificant. The traveling public may derive some comfort from the fact that the number of passengers killed was only 221, or one passenger for every 2,367,370 carried, or one for every 60,542,670 miles traveled. If statistics were obtainable of the number of persons who came to their death by being struck by lightning while out walking we dare say the victims would equal, or perhaps exceed, in number this slaughter on the railroads.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—Among the novelists of the present day who "were not born to die," we may confidently place the name of Israel Zangwill, whose stories of lowly life among the Jews have been one of the conspicuous successes in recent literature.



ISRAEL ZANGWILL, THE GREAT INTERPRETER OF JEWISH LIFE.
Photograph by Rockwood. Copyright, 1898.

Mr. Zangwill has had a remarkable career. His genius was inborn. He is only thirty-five years old, but his literary career began in his early childhood. His parents were poor London Jews who were unable to give their son any educational advantages. But young Zangwill had a consuming thirst for knowledge, and he made his way through the free schools and upward into higher institutions by dint of restless energy, perseverance, and hard work, carrying off scholarships, prizes, and class honors as he went along, in a marvelous way. He was finally graduated from London University before he was twenty-one, with the highest honors. He had begun writing stories for the papers and magazines when he was sixteen. Soon after his graduation he founded *Ariel*, a humorous weekly, which did not live long but helped to give its editor a reputation. In 1891 he published "The Bachelor's Club," which had an instant success on both sides of the Atlantic. The next year, 1892, appeared Zangwill's first great story, "The Children of the Ghetto," a study from life of a section of humanity hitherto neglected or distorted in fiction. It called forth a storm of criticism, but it made its author famous the world over. Since 1892 Mr. Zangwill has written "The King of the Schnorrers," "The Master," and several other popular novels. He visited this country last winter and made a number of remarkable addresses before literary clubs and other gatherings. The impression he made was highly favorable.

—Mrs. John Wanamaker is quite as remarkable in her activity as her famous husband, who finds time to be a great politician, a hustling shop-keeper in two great cities, and a most ardent Christian worker, reformer, and Sunday-school teacher. Mrs. Wanamaker entertained a great deal at Washington when her husband was Postmaster-General in President Harrison's Cabinet, and she is very fond of the relaxations and pleasures of society. She is, however, a religious enthusiast, and is an able assistant to her husband in his good works. She spends part of each year in Paris, visiting her son Rodman and his family, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker having made Paris his home for twelve or fifteen years, superintending his father's branch office in Paris. Mrs. Wanamaker has traveled a great deal not only in her own country, but abroad, having visited Egypt and other Oriental countries.

—No man conspicuous in the government of our new colonial possessions has been so uniformly successful in his work and gained so large a place in the esteem and confidence of his own countrymen and of the people whom he has governed, as General Leonard Wood, military Governor of Santiago, Cuba, whose latest and best photograph, taken on July 5th last, we here reproduce. From the opening fight of the rough riders at Las Guasimas, whom General Wood, then a colonel, commanded, down to the present time, he has shown himself a master of every situation in which he has been placed, an unselfish, noble-minded, and true-hearted American citizen. During his terms as Governor at Santiago, General Wood has accomplished a marvelous amount of work in the way of establishing law and order, restoring public confidence, and in forwarding public improvements. He found Santiago one of the filthiest cities in the world. He has made it one of the cleanest. His tact and energy, and his sympathetic and conciliating spirit have won for him the loyalty and affection of all classes of Cubans in his province. This feeling was



GENERAL WOOD, A MODEL COLONIAL GOVERNOR.
From a photograph by Purdy, Boston. Copyright, 1899.

shown in a notable way by the public demonstrations in his honor at Santiago on the occasion of his recent visit to the United States, both on his departure and on his return. This feeling must surely have been deepened by a knowledge of the fact that General Wood refused a highly lucrative position in the States rather than abandon his post of duty at Santiago, where he believes there is still much needed work for him to do. Harvard College honored itself by conferring upon the general the degree of LL.D. at its recent commencement. He was also mentioned as a possible successor to General Alger as Secretary of War. He is undoubtedly qualified to fill any office in the gift of the American people, but he is in the place now where he is most needed. If we could fill all our colonial posts with men of the type and temper of General Wood we should have little or nothing to fear in the future so far as they are concerned.

is the way in which Nelson Dingley's successor, Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, of Rockland, Maine, writes his name. Like his signature Mr. Littlefield is a free, easy-going sort of a man, with a good deal of flourish to his every-day life, and yet he is a man possessing aggressiveness, perseverance and boldness in his character — open-hearted and open-handed, getting all the good that there is in life. Mr. Littlefield has won his political battles by hard, persistent fighting. He belongs to that school of politics that believes in fairness and liberality in dealing with opponents, whether they belong inside or outside the party. Mr. Littlefield received a majority of over 10,000 votes. The junior member of Maine's Congressional delegation is forty-eight years old. He is a lawyer and his father was a Baptist minister. The Congressman left school at sixteen and began to earn his own living as a carpenter's helper. Early in life he made up his mind to study law. He had natural traits of character that especially fitted him for the legal profession — ready speech, a level head, and a stick-to-itiveness that brings ultimate success. He first entered politics as a member of the Maine Legislature in 1885. Later he became speaker of the House. His next public office was that of attorney-general of his native State, in which position he displayed excellent executive qualities and sound legal sense. Mr. Littlefield has been one of the delegates-at-large to the last two national conventions. At St. Louis he seconded the nomination of Thomas B. Reed. The new member from Maine will be among the tallest men in Congress. He measures six feet three inches in height, is well-built, and has an attractive personality.

—As the name of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" lives in the literature of New England as one of her greatest writers, so also, it seems, the name of his son is to attain equal eminence in the legal annals of his native State. By naming Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes to be chief justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Governor Wolcott has promoted an able judge, an upright citizen, a soldier whose record for bravery is unexcelled by any of the thousands who went forth from Massachusetts in the trying days of 1861. Judge Holmes has been a member of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts since 1882. He had hard-



HON. CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD.

ly been awarded his degree at Harvard when he enlisted in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment. When he was wounded at Antietam, September 17th, 1862, he was a captain in his regiment, having been promoted for gallantry. At Fredericksburg he was severely wounded in the foot, and when he was mustered out he was a brevet lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. Returning from the war, Colonel Holmes took up the study of the law, and soon after he was admitted to the bar and was recognized as one of the rising lawyers at the Boston bar. He edited the twelfth edition of "Kent's Commentaries," since recognized as the standard edition of the famous work. He also edited the *American Law Review* for three years, and delivered a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, which attracted attention throughout the country and placed him in the front rank of American lawyers. This led to his selection as one of the professors at the Harvard Law School, and subsequently to his appointment to the Supreme bench of Massachusetts by Governor Long. His alma mater has showered many honors upon him, and in 1886 Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The address which he delivered at Albany, at the last meeting of the New York State Bar Association, was one of the best that we recall, and Judge Holmes was subsequently honored by a large reception given to him at the Fort Orange Club by ex-Attorney-General Rosendale. The delightful affair was attended by the most eminent members of the Bar from New York and adjoining States.



JUDGE HOLMES, AN HONORED SON OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

gent efforts of an earnest artist, is Alexander Pope, of Boston. Mr. Pope has long been known as the American Landseer for his unrivaled skill in painting animals; his recent still-life compositions have been so realistic in line and color as to deceive the very elect. Some of his more pretentious works have been on exhibition at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and his name is recognized in the best New York galleries. For some time he has been known by his intimate friends as a sculptor of animal studies of great merit, and now he has completed a huge lion, which, seated, is six and one-half feet high, and which, in two copies, is to be seen at the entrance of "The Kensington," an apartment-house on Boylston Street, Boston, owned by Mr. Henry Bigelow Williams. The lions are accurate reproductions of the noble animal, and placed as they are, very near the Public Library, which contains the two lions by Louis St. Gaudens, will be powerful rivals of those figures. Indeed, the comparison will be such that Mr. Pope's position as a truthful and successful sculptor will be assured.

—The home coming of the gallant Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment from Manila was greatly saddened by the death at sea, on July 18th, of its brave and noble commander, Colonel Alexander L. Hawkins. Colonel Hawkins had been unwell for some time previous to his embarkation for home, but he persisted in being with his men in the field until the very last. Hard, hot fighting in the swamps of Luzon broke his splendid constitution and developed the cancerous disease that ended his life. When he reached Nagasaki, Japan, on the homeward way, the disease was so far advanced that grave fears were entertained that he would not survive the voyage. Death came to the old soldier on the



COLONEL A. L. HAWKINS, WHO DIED AT SEA WHILE ON THE WAY HOME FROM MANILA.
Photograph by Rothwell, Washington, Pennsylvania.

high seas when the vessel bearing the regiment, the *Senator*, was several hundred miles west of Honolulu. The body was embalmed and brought home. Colonel Hawkins was a native of Washington County, Pennsylvania, where he was born fifty-six years ago. He began his career as a soldier in a Pennsylvania regiment of farmer-boys, who took part in the raid on Chambersburg and in the battle of Antietam. He finally became captain of a United States colored troop, and in that capacity did conspicuous service under General Thomas at Nashville and other points in Tennessee. After the war Captain Hawkins returned to civic life, but took an active interest in the volunteer organizations of his State. He became an officer in the Tenth Pennsylvania in 1877, and was made colonel two years later. From that time to the end of his life Colonel Hawkins took the heartiest personal interest in the men of his command, and was a model of faithfulness and devotion. The boys who served with him came to love him as a father, and he was known familiarly among them as "Pap" Hawkins. The Tenth Regiment was the only one from Pennsylvania selected to go to the Philippines, and its long, arduous, and efficient service there forms one of the brightest chapters in the history of the island campaign. In every important engagement that took place, from the first assault on Manila to the later battles with the insurgents, the gallant Tenth and its brilliant leader were in the thickest of the fight. When the history of the war in the Philippines comes to be written, no name among the volunteer soldiery will stand higher than that of Colonel Hawkins.

—Another American painter who has invaded the field of the sculptor, with the success which always attends the intelli-



ALEXANDER POPE, THE AMERICAN LANDSEER.

gent efforts of an earnest artist, is Alexander Pope, of Boston. Mr. Pope has long been known as the American Landseer for his unrivaled skill in painting animals; his recent still-life compositions have been so realistic in line and color as to deceive the very elect. Some of his more pretentious works have been on exhibition at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and his name is recognized in the best New York galleries. For some time he has been known by his intimate friends as a sculptor of animal studies of great merit, and now he has completed a huge lion, which, seated, is six and one-half feet high, and which, in two copies, is to be seen at the entrance of "The Kensington," an apartment-house on Boylston Street, Boston, owned by Mr. Henry Bigelow Williams. The lions are accurate reproductions of the noble animal, and placed as they are, very near the Public Library, which contains the two lions by Louis St. Gaudens, will be powerful rivals of those figures. Indeed, the comparison will be such that Mr. Pope's position as a truthful and successful sculptor will be assured.



THE AMERICAN GIRL SERIES No. III.—THE JAUNTY SUMMER GIRL.

[NEXT WEEK, THE HORSY GIRL.]

THE SUMMER GIRL.

WHEN each returning season brings
The robins and the roses,
The fair and fluffy summer girl
Her charming face discloses.
She dances by the mountain lakes
In snowy tul' and spangles,
Or mingles with the breakers' roar
The tinkle of her bangles.

The violet's delicious breath
About her faintly hovers,
And makes her dainty presence known
To all her train of lovers.
From slender foot so trimly shod,
To bright and wavy tresses,
She seems a being only made
For moonlight and caresses.

But when the summer days are done,
And last good-byes are spoken,
I wonder if she dares to count
The hearts that she has broken.
Yet dewy woods and fragrant fields,
Sweet nooks and flowery places,
Would be as deserts bleak and bare
Without her airs and graces.

MINNA IRVING



"You know a great deal of my life the last years, Mr. Sparkins," she said, turning serious."

A COMEDY OF WHIMS.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

I.

"PRESENTLY, sirs," said Sally, the maid at Frances's, courtesying. Her cheeks were red, and her mouth demure, and from her vantage behind the polished bar she smiled on the two scarlet-coated officers.

"She's a deal prettier than many of her betters," said the critical Mr. Andre.

"Oh, that this were Almack's, Andre, and we were just in for a quiet rubber," Lindsay interrupted.

And, indeed, to see Mr. Lindsay in town of the season was to know him at his best; a daring gamester, an adept in love and manners and fine attire. Always in debt, the fact proved the point; this was a man of that little world of dandies in the gone century's old fashion.

"The theatre will liven it a bit," said Captain Andre.

"Liven it!" said the other, bringing down his fist, "I am tired, man. I'd like to have an adventure."

"Say Lady Polly? Eh?"

"I suppose she's at the place in Hants," said Lindsay, ruefully.

"Here's your man," Andre interrupted.

"Oi, sor," said Ferguson, saluting; "a letter for yez, sor."

Lindsay looked at it curiously, seeing "immediate" on the envelope, and then noting a faint perfume and the device of the seal. Captain Andre drummed the polished table with his knuckle. The host, Sam Frances, hoped the gentlemen were well served. The pretty Sally adjusted her cap, with another

glance shot out at the two handsome young gentlemen. (But her Joe was handsomer after all; her Joe who was across the river with General Washington.) Through the open window came the clatter of a cavalry troop on the way to Westchester. Andre noted a sudden change in his companion; a certain unconscious swelling of the shoulders.

"Well, Jim?" he began, encouraged by their intimacy.

"Oh, nothing, Jack. Demme, man, nothing. I just have an engagement thrust on me—that's all."

"What's that?" called Andre.

But the other was gone outside into the bustling little street. Ferguson at his heels: "Entirely private." What did it mean, indeed? And she was the prettiest young lady of that far colony, and an heiress. Of course 'twas but natural she should wish to see him. He thought of long lists of conquests; of days at Tunbridge Wells when—like Harry Warrington in the novel—he had outwitted his gayly disreputable Grace of Queensbury in a lady's favor. Ah, he had been wishing for an adventure, and here suddenly 'twas his. Three o'clock was the hour; now half after two. How were his coat, his stock, he asked of Ferguson, who declared that his master did an honest valet most excellent credit. Mr. Lindsay, indeed, had breakfasted but an hour earlier, it being a day of leisure permitted him by Sir William. The night before, not unnaturally, he had been late over the play. There was still a faint throbbing about the temples when he raised the knocker.

Yes, Miss Marjorie was at home, said the obsequious servant. A fair-haired little lady rose from the cool shadows of

the room, with the most bewitching smile for our gallant captain.

"Ah, Captain Lindsay, this is indeed good of you," she said, letting her hand rest for a moment in his. "You are here on the tick."

"Your note was charming," he began, all smiles.

"What did you think it might mean?"

He looked at her quickly.

"I didn't dare think, or I should have hoped too strongly," said he, quite equal to the occasion.

"Oh, Captain Lindsay!" she sighed.

He drew his chair closer.

"My dear Miss Osborne."

She smiled deliciously, and then made her move.

"I have such a favor to ask you," she said, withdrawing her chair.

"It will be favor to permit me to try to do you—"

"Oh, you'll get yourself tangled, my dear Mr. Lindsay," she laughed. "It's just this—but you promise not to say a word?" she added.

"If you wish it, my lips shall be sealed," he declared impressively.

"You alone can do this," said she, insinuatingly.

"I am glad if I may."

"Because you are General Howe's aide-de-camp—"

"Hum, yes," said he, but now rather doubtfully.

"It's this," said she, leaning toward him and looking with smiling persuasion into his eyes. "I wish a pass through the lines for myself and two servants."

"But, Miss Osborne," he began, "you know that is almost impossible," he ended, aghast.

She rose, crossing her hands behind her.

"Nothing is impossible with Captain Lindsay. You know you can procure it for me. You will?" Her voice sank to the coaxing notes. "And no one must know. My mother must not. I actually wish to use this for myself. I give you my word."

"You intend to cross to them?" he began, hoarsely.

"Yes," she said. "I must get to Mr. Washington's quarters, because I have heard to-day that—no matter what. Please do not ask the reason, Captain Lindsay."

"I haven't," said he, uneasily. "But you say no one must know?"

"Yes, absolutely. And you are the only officer about Sir William who can do this. When, the other night, you said something—"

"Yes," said he, eagerly.

Under her eyes again he thought he might have meant it.

"And I was evasive."

"Yes, evasive," said he, grasping at the word.

"Well, I can say no more now—than then. I haven't had time. But—you at least will do that much for me—that little?"

"But the expedition appears dangerous," he said, gravely.

"Leave that to me," she cried. "Now you will—please, Captain Lindsay."

"I—yes, I will, Miss Osborne."

"I have your word?"

"You have."

"And I can have the pass this afternoon?"

"In an hour. I will send it by my man."

"You dear captain!" she cried.

He bent his head, raising her finger-tips to his lips, and then, as she blushed,

"I am glad to do so slight a favor, Miss Osborne."

"Oh, Captain Lindsay!" said she. But at the moment another visitor interrupted.

Walking away with her entreaty for him not to forget in his ears, he wondered a bit at himself. He had entered the house with vanity over another conquest, and now it appeared that he was the conquest. But he had given his word. He whistled, and laughed at himself, resolved at least to push to the utmost the advantage this service might gain.

II.

In those days a certain Timothy Sparkins was the clergyman of the Wall Street Presbyterian Church. Long, lank, loose-jointed, with shock red hair, earnestness lay in the lines of his homely face and in the corners of his faded eyes. When others were in the fight, for or against the King, he continued his spiritual duties with sullen persistence. His call was for the perpetual strife with the devil; and surely his parish needed no closer attention than during the days of the King's occupation—when there was gaiety in the great houses and ribaldry in the taverns; when prayers were needful for men's souls strained to passionate extremes. He stood then a non-partisan with comforting words for either side. If some might have maligned him for being too politic, there were enough to stoutly declare his probity.

Now all men, who use their wit, must have leisure, and Sparkins took his in the garden, gorgeous with red and white and purple blossoms.

And here a charming young lady found him.

He sprang up awkwardly from the tulip-bed, weeds dangling from one dirt-stained hand; the other brushed his black stockings.

"Pardon me," he cried; and added, "I'm honored and surprised."

She searched his honest soul with eyes that but had the seeming of laughter.

"You know a great deal of my life, the last years, Mr. Sparkins," she said, turning serious, and knowing that frankness lay nearest his heart.

"More than most here, it may be," he assented.

"You know how I am promised to Colonel Stilwell?"

"Yes," he said, his freckled face twitching slightly.

He knew much—that even her mother, the bitterest possible Tory, failed to suspect—of the inner life of the very pretty young woman. The Osbornes were Church of England folk, but Marjorie, who coquetted with every male being, had not omitted Mr. Sparkins. She knew him. Now, rather than to risk any feminine friend ("I tell you a girl's a blabber," said she), she came to enlist this lanky fellow, who pursued strenuously the spiritual strife.

"It's this," she said, watching him closely. "I love my mother, oh, so dearly! Yet he is my betrothed, you see, Mr. Sparkins. And, as a minister, you know where a woman's duty lies; he is in danger, and I not near to help. This war may keep on for years, they say now. What am I to do?"

"You can pray," said he, after a moment.

"Oh, I have," she said, demurely, "and the only light I get is to plan to go to him."

"I don't see—" he began in surprise.

"To cross the river to-night above Paulus Hook. He is at West Point with General Washington."

"But can you—get—the permit?" he said, waiving surprise.

"Oh, I can find a pass—without my mother's knowledge."

"But do you realize what you are doing—in leaving your mother?"

"God, Mr. Sparkins, has given me two duties—Philip and my mother. I have chosen Colonel Stilwell as the greater," she said, sententiously.

"But you cannot go alone?"

"I shall take Sam, the black boy, and—"

"Well?"

"I shall have a permit for three people."

"And the third?"

"My maid Polly."

Sparkins looked at her. Impulse gripped his heart. She bent her eyes down on the tulip-bed, wondering if she had wrongly surmised, when indeed she heard—

"Oh, you shall not take that journey alone. I—I will be the third."

Marjorie put her hand on his shoulder, while her voice trembled.

"I cannot ask that, Mr. Sparkins. I will not take you away from your work."

"I will go," said he; and then again, still more decidedly, "I will go."

"It's to-night," said she, after a moment.

"Ought I not try to dissuade you?" said he, helplessly.

"Why should you when you know you will fail?" said she smiling.

"But that is no reason why you should go," she added.

"Oh, don't try to change me," he said.

"But I must depend on some one to get the boat," she said, gnawing the nut in a pose of helplessness.

He looked down on her from his height, and then up to the summer sky.

"You know the thicket at the end of Dobson's lane?"

"Yes, of course."

"I will be there—with the boat. You can depend on me, if you will name the time."

"At eight to-night."

"At the end of the lane," he said.

She stepped close to him and took both his hands.

"I almost love you."

"Because I am humoring you."

"Yes, perhaps. But more because you are good and true."

"I want to please you," said this honest soul, blushing. "But is that fellow—?"

"Colonel Stilwell."

"Colonel Stilwell, yes. Is he worth your little finger, Miss Marjorie?"

"Why, Mr. Sparkins, I think so," said she, faintly. "But then, I can give out that I am going to Mrs. Washington—"

"Yes. But am I not weak to let you go?"

"You must judge of that."

He turned, after a moment: "I have."

"Thank you—bless you!" the girl cried. "I will be there sharp at eight. Now I must hurry."

And she left him by the tulip-bed. In the hot street, the church-bell began to toll and her conscience to bother. The red-haired enthusiast seemed all at once rather a pathetic figure. And he was doing this because she had asked him. And so was Captain Lindsay. She contrasted the two as she hurried. On her table lay a bulky note with a red official seal.

"Dear Miss Osborne," it ran; "here is the pass, and the word to night will be 'Quebec.' I dare say I should get in endless trouble were it known that I had given it you. But I risk that to please the most charming young lady in all New York."

She repressed her delight, sitting down to write an acknowledgment; and then calling, softly:

"Polly."

"Yes, um," said the fat maid at the door.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"That I kin, Mees Madge."

"Put some frocks together in a bundle and be ready here at half after seven. Not a soul must know."

Polly stared.

"I'll do your biddin'. Do you s'pose I'll tell a soul? No—not I." And she longed for the sweet pleasure of tattling.

An hour later Miss Marjorie leaned over and kissed her mother—than whom there was no greater lady in provincial New York.

"You will remember some time that I love you," said Marjorie, inconsequently. "To-morrow you will."

"You are a queer girl," said the other. "I don't believe I ever half understood you. I didn't when you refused Philip Stilwell. But, queerest freak of all, directly he becomes rebel you take him up. You are as persistent as—"

"As you, mamma," said Marjorie, quietly. "We can't yield. We only will not let stubbornness stand between us, shall we?"

Now what could Mrs. Osborne say to that soft, yet clear-toned assertion.

III.

SOME minutes before the appointed time, mistress, and maid with bundle, left the Wall Street house by the gate in the rear which led circuitously toward the quiet of Dobson's lane. Marjorie thought every person she knew was on these byways. For in the cool of the early evening the citizens of old New York sat on their front steps; the men to smoke, the women to gossip, and to repeat gravely the news that came charily from the war. And there were not lacking officers to stare persistently at the pretty young lady with her buxom maid. So it seemed indeed

a long walk to the place—really not so far—where Sparkins was waiting.

But was this shock-haired and lanky fellow indeed that homely Sparkins? He had discarded his clerical coat.

"We will hurry now, talk later," said he. Marjorie's eyes sparkled approval, could he have seen them.

"You don't look the dominie, Mr. Sparkins."

"We turn in here," said he, laconically, pointing to an opening in a high board fence.

A challenge rang.

"General Howe's permit for Miss Osborne and two servants," was Sparkins's answer.

The red-coated sentinel read by a lantern.

"You may pass, Miss Osborne."

So they walked through the meadow to the bushes where Sparkins expected his boat. He gave a low whistle, which was answered in kind, and by the sight of a rough fellow, oar in hand.

When Marjorie and the maid were seated, Sparkins nodded back.

"You've had the price of the boat, Thompson?"

"That I've got!—Hem! I declare," mused the fellow, "when a minister's queer, he's 's queer's Dick's hat-band."

After this philosophic remark he leaned forward, pulled down his stockings, dropped a gold-piece into the leg, and went his way, thinking of the good beer at the tavern.

Sparkins was pulling mid-stream with stout strokes.

"You know how to use an oar," said Marjorie, for something to say. She began to feel a bit of contempt of herself.

"Yes, Mistress Osborne."

In the bow Polly whimpered.

"What's the matter?" Marjorie asked, gayly. "You should be glad to be with me; and we can't be in much danger, for we have a minister with us."

"Yes, men," said Polly, but—"booh-uh!"

At the moment a patrol challenged. The maid no longer could control her murmurs, which rose above the swash. Sparkins lay on his oars.

"Do you wish to see our safe conduct?"

"The word will do," sang out the other.

Marjorie tried to quiet the girl as the eight-oared pinnace neared.

"The word is 'Quebec.' I had it from Captain Lindsay."

"Quebec," called out Sparkins, with lungs practiced by pulpit usage.

"And who are you?"

"Miss Osborne and servants."

The other shouted:

"You can pass; but what in the king's name are women doing out here at this hour?"

The shore and the twinkling of shipping passed. With muscles tense and senses alert, and a strange feeling of exultation, as if he were acting as he always would if his conscience had not left him God's minister, Sparkins bent to those oars.

"Oh, I could love you for this, Mr. Sparkins! How strong you are," said the clever Marjorie. His heart thumped an answer.

"But how are we to get into the lines when we land?" said he, trying to help his agitation, and making just the wrong remark; and hearing it, he added: "I'll do my best."

"Have I not proof enough already?" said she; and, after a moment, "You are to say nothing of my going to Mr. Stilwell."

"You are on a visit to Mrs. Washington's at West Point?"

"Yes, exactly. And"—her voice sank low—"Mr. Stilwell doesn't know."

The rower was silent.

"He doesn't expect you?" he said at last.

"No; what do you think of me?" she asked, almost shame-faced, and glad that the darkness hid her. Stilwell suddenly did not seem so important to her fancy. Would he have done what this man was doing? She caught her breath.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing; oh, nothing," she said, softly.

They threaded their way, avoiding the King's frigates mid-stream. When he heard a sound, as of a passing boat, he lay on the oars, to take them again with tireless arms. And now they were close in shore, much above Paulus Hook, where, under the edge of the pine forest, he decided to make his landing. It was important now to find an American outpost, for here they hardly could explain—for all of General Howe's pass.

So he ran in shore, jumped and slipped over a log, and caught himself, pulling the boat up and leaning back to Marjorie.

"If I am not mistaken the road is above. But we must have our eyes open."

In the pitchy darkness he stumbled on through the wood, calling back. Suddenly he was against an obstacle. He drew back, when a voice said, with low distinctness:

"Stop, or you'll be blown up!"

He found that the broken branch he had met was a musket-tip.

"We have Lord Howe's pass."

"The de'il take Lord Howe, man," commented the voice. "We've no Lord Howes, you son of a Tory; we've a Lord Stirling, and Major Harry, and General Washington."

In uncertainty Sparkins thought of a wrestling trick learned in his godless youth. But before making the mistake he recollected, although he had not expected one here, that this might prove indeed an American picket.

"You are Congress, I take it?"

"You're 's light 's the night's black."

"Well, take down that musket; I want to surrender myself, this lady, and her maid."

"Humph!" commented the man. "Wenches, eh? Come on with ye."

Following this summoner, more by his footsteps than by sight, they stepped into a lantern's glare. A sergeant of Lord Stirling's dragoons scrutinized them, and decided to touch his hat.

"I don't believe you are dangerous, unless he is," said he, pointing to Sparkins. "So I am sorry we must hold you for Major Lee's order."

The clouds parted and directly the August moon lit the scene—a glade of a wood, a half-dozen dragoons.

"Don't tremble so, please," said Sparkins. "Keep heart. We have had the greatest fortune. You see they might have been Captain Sutherland's men from Paulus Hook."

"Yes. I feel safe with you here, Mr. Sparkins."

Suddenly musketry roared, scattering.

"Our Harry has them!" the sergeant explained.

IV.

MAJOR LEE, retreating in an hour to his improvised picket-lines, was astonished to see a young lady he had known of the quieter years.

"I came across, Major Lee, not expecting to find you. I am on my way to West Point—to Mrs. Washington."

"There's a deal of the unexpected in war, Miss Osborne," said the major. "I have surprised Captain Sutherland, no more than you me. I feel honored to serve as escort."

A cart was found. Mistress and maid were dragged over the rough ways by four of Captain McLane's dragoons.

And the skirmishers with their captives retreated in all haste. For only extraordinary daring had won. At any moment they might be surprised by the returned scouting party, sent out that morning by Captain Sutherland, who had no expectation that for his returned men he should have Major Lee's attack; bullets and loss of men and ammunition—to say nothing of, dearest of all, his prestige.

Marjorie was borne in that flight along the river like one in a dream. Her thought went before her to West Point, of which she was not now so certain; and again back to her mother in the Wall Street house. Behind the cart walked Sparkins.

"Poor soul!" she murmured.

The moon swam in the darkish blue. The air was sweet with the wood dampness of the night.

The men went along, talking and laughing; if tired, glad with success. The swaying cart creaked on the ruts. Sparkins sighed, but not from weariness.

Marjorie was asleep in her maid's arms. He took off his coat and threw it over her.

Once Major Lee said:

"Why are you not in the army?"

"I serve God, not man," he answered, almost sullenly.

"How about—" Lee began, and then paused. He was about to say "How about Mistress Osborne?" but had caught himself in good time. Something in the man attracted, and directly they were chatting.

V.

THE dominie was walking alone in the summer wood in the most melancholy mood. His mission was ended and his ward in the care of his Excellency's great little lady. Mrs. Washington had looked queerly from Marjorie to her escort, as if indeed not quite understanding. And then she had shaken hands with the young clergyman.

"I am sure Mrs. Osborne could have sent her daughter to me by no better hands," the great lady had said. "I am glad Betty Osborne allowed you to visit me, Marjorie."

Marjorie had listened with bowed head. Not a word had been said of Stilwell, Sparkins noticed. He himself awkwardly made his farewell. "No; you must come—this afternoon," Marjorie said.

"I will," he replied.

"Do honor us with another visit," Mrs. Washington was polite enough to urge, looking at him queerly.

Outside he had turned for some moments into the stillness of the wood. "Is he worthy?" he kept repeating; and this "he" was Stilwell. Then he tried to step blithely. The morning was smiling; yet his spirit was heavy. "If he were only I!"

But as he walked he muttered, so that a passing boy stared: "Yes, God has given me work to do," when he began to whistle even a merry air.

And, strolling, he passed the hours until he presented himself at Mrs. Washington's. The room was deserted. And then he was aware of Marjorie, red-eyed, listless.

"Miss Osborne?"

"I'm in such trouble."

"Oh, if I might help you?" he said.

"You can—you must," she said, with strange blushes.

"How may I?"

"If ever a girl needed a spiritual adviser, I am she, Mr. Sparkins."

"What can I do?"

"I am not engaged to Mr.—Mr. Stilwell."

"What do you mean?"

"There is another girl, I find. I have broken with—this Mr. Stilwell."

"Yes," said he. "Yes."

"But I had to explain my presence here."

"Yes," said he.

"I—I have told Mrs. Washington that I eloped with—with you."

She had walked up to him and was looking into his eyes.

"Can you forgive me, honest, faithful heart?"

And then his own nature rose rebellious and he held her close in his arms.

"Marjorie," said he, softly, "do you know that you are more to me than duty?" He ended almost fiercely.

"I suspected so much," she said.

"And you take me," he went on, "as a substitute for—that fellow—Stilwell?"

"You are more than he," she said—"than he ever was."

Noble Benefactions of Americans.

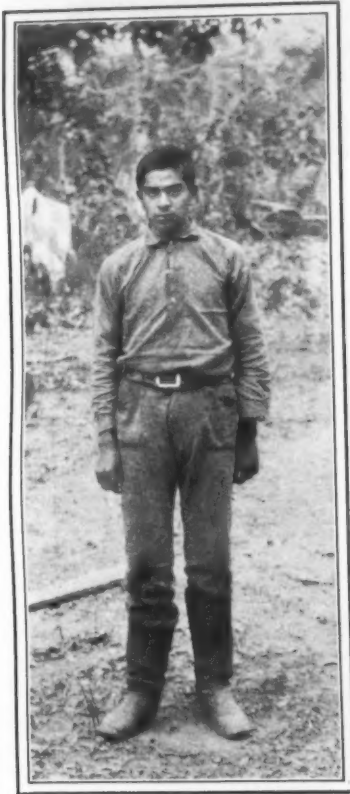
IT is impossible to frame an indictment against a people who are given to noble deeds. Over against the wails of the pessimists and the loud alarms of the Atkinsons and others of that line about the degeneracy of the American people, may be set a few shining facts which show that love for humanity and a large and abundant faith in the future of the race still abide with us. Here is the will of the late Robert C. Billings, of Boston, with bequests to colleges, hospitals, and charities amounting to nearly \$700,000. Here is the will of Mrs. Catherine M. White, of Chicago, by which the Art Institute of that city is

made richer by \$200,000. Here is the gift of \$45,000 by Mr. Henry Walters, of Baltimore, to provide that city with two public bath-houses. Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Illinois, deeds several farms in various parts of that State to the Bradley Institute. B. H. Duke, of Durham, North Carolina, gives Trinity College of that place \$50,000, making a total of \$180,000 from the same source within the past year. These are a few of the good deeds caught up from the record of a single week. They are worth a ton of arguments from the alarmist factories.

Strange Story of a Choctaw.

HE IS SENTENCED TO DEATH AND SET FREE ON PROMISE TO RETURN ON THE DAY OF HIS EXECUTION—HE RETURNS AND DIES BRAVELY.

WICHITA, KANSAS, July 15th, 1899.—On Thursday last William Going was shot to death at Alikchi, in



WILLIAM GOING.

serted a wife and riches in Cuba to come back and die, so that no disgrace would fall upon his parents and relatives in the Choctaw nation.

Probably there is no other class of people in the world in this respect like the Choctaws. They believe in each other as a child believes in its mother. When one Choctaw Indian tells another that a certain thing will be done, it can be depended upon that it will be done. This custom of turning a prisoner loose without bail commenced among the Choctaws half a century ago. An Indian murdered his sister. There was no jail, and the Choctaws had no money to hire a guard. After the Indian judge had sentenced him to be shot, the former said: "Now you can go free until your execution-day. Then I want you to come without being told. If you fail to obey it will disgrace your family." The Indian gave his promise and appeared at the appointed time. Ever since then it has been the custom to allow condemned Indians to run loose. Never but once has a prisoner failed to come freely and alone to his execution. The number of Indians thus shot within the last half-century is over one hundred.

Many pathetic romances are connected with these executions. Indians would leave their sweethearts or brides to go away to death. Probably the saddest romance of all was that of Walla Tonka, the Indian base-ball player. About three years ago, at an Indian dance near Eufaula, he shot another Indian who sought to flirt with Tonka's sweetheart. He was tried and sentenced to be shot six months later. Immediately after passing sentence the old judge died and Walla Tonka was legally free. The Indian girl was true to her love and married him. Tonka, being an expert base-ball player, started out that season with an Indian team in a tour through the West. Because of the fact that he was under sentence of death, and had no guard with him, he was quite a feature of the team and made several thousand dollars. As the time for his execution drew near, Walla Tonka went home to his wife. Having arranged his matters, the stoical Indian bade his wife good-bye, set out alone for the execution grounds, and was shot to death. Owing to the fact that William Going was sentenced also to be shot at that time and was reprieved, there has been a confusion of names, and the man executed last Thursday is commonly known as Going or Walla Tonka, which is an error.

About ten years ago an Indian of the Choctaw tribe killed his brother. He gave his promise to return but never did so, having left the United States. It is said that so disgraced were his parents that they committed suicide. Governor Green M. Curtin, of the Choctaw nation, feels proud, as does every tribesman, of the heroic conduct of the late William Going. While a motion for a new hearing was on, Going left his fate in the care of friends and went to Cuba, enlisted under General Garcia, and helped fight for Cuban independence. After the war he married a señorita and started a coffee plantation. He claims to have prospered, but when information came that his death was decreed on July 13th, the condemned man came away from all that had been dear to him, and was shot at the appointed time.

Several years ago a daring young brave named Coulter was sentenced to death for stealing. He came to the court-house on

the appointed day only to learn that a reprieve had been granted. He was very angry and demanded that he be shot immediately. Accordingly the original sentence was carried out.

W. R. DRAPER.

Wonderful Artillery Firing Near Malolos.

REMARKABLE WORK OF THE UTAH BATTERY, AND THE CLOSEST RANGE FIRING ON RECORD—THE FILIPINOS DUMFOUNDED—BRAVE MEN AND HEROIC DEEDS.

MALOLO, June 21st, 1899.—When this Filipino campaign is over, the text-books on light artillery will have to be considerably revised. The 3.2-inch field-pieces are considered effective at 6,000 yards, and are seldom moved nearer to an enemy than two or three thousand yards. At El Caney, in the Santiago campaign, Captain Capron worked his battery nearly the whole day at a distance of 2,440 yards. Over at El Pozo, on the same day, Captain Grimes fired at even greater range. Out here we have changed all that. The artillery, which strikes especial terror to the natives, is often used at easy revolver range. In reality the artillery operations here might be termed artillery charges.

Major Young, of the Utah Light Artillery, is General MacArthur's chief of artillery. He has frequently rushed his guns up to within from fifty to two hundred yards of the enemy's position, and there poured in a fearful fire that has forced the little brown insurgents to take to their heels, leaving behind groups of dead. It is not mere bravado that makes Major Young fight his pieces at little more than arm's-length, and thus upset all the traditions of field-artillery practice. The nature of the country makes it necessary to run the field-pieces up in the enemy's faces. At greater ranges the enemy would generally be invisible to the gunners on account of the numerous clumps of bamboo and the dense jungles. Major Young is a West Pointer, and a former army officer, and his hard fighting proclivities, as well as those of the splendid men under him, have made the Utahs famous all along the line. Wherever they go past troops on the way into action they are lustily cheered, and Americans have found that wherever these Utah men show up during a battle, the fight is quickly over at that point.

In the general engagement of March 25th Major Young received orders to take two guns down to a crossing of the Tuliahan River, where the insurgents were splendidly entrenched behind the thickest earthworks yet found on the advance. The insurgents had small, slot-like holes in their walls, and through these slots they were pouring a destructive fire with practically no risk to themselves. They could be dislodged only with artillery, as the river was about twenty-five feet deep and the arch of the bridge at that point had been destroyed. Major Young took with him two guns, one a 3.2-inch field-piece, under Lieutenant J. F. Critchlow, of the Utahs, and a Colt's automatic, under Ensign Cleland Davis of the navy. The country being thickly wooded at that point, the major led his pieces down to a bamboo fence, 125 yards from the troublesome breastwork. As quickly as gunners could unlimber, the field-piece was loaded, sighted, and fired. The first shell went into one of the enemy's firing-slots, plowed through the dirt at the rear of the work and exploded, probably killing several of the little brown men. A half-dozen shots, in all, with the Colt's automatic pouring in its tiny projectiles at the rate of 400 to the minute, utterly discouraged the natives, who sprang out of the trench. As they swarmed up the hill to the rear they were wholly exposed, and both the artillery and infantry wrought havoc among the fugitives.

At the Marilao River engagement a duplicate performance was enacted. Major Young and Lieutenant Critchlow posted one gun under a native hut at seventy-five yards from the enemy's trenches across the stream. Ere Aguinaldo's men knew that there was any artillery in that part of the country the solitary gun opened up on them. Owing to smokeless powder, it was some time ere they discovered where our doughty gunners were at work. Afterward another field-gun came up, and Major Young now posted both pieces squarely in the open at less than sixty yards from the muzzles of the insurgents' rifles. Working as if by team with this pair of field-pieces, Major Young and his men made the rear of the trenches opposite so much like a section of inferno that in a very few minutes a white flag went up. A lieutenant and a private from the Pennsylvania Regiment promptly pulled off their clothing, sprang into the river, swam over and accepted the surrender, capturing by their fearless promptness some twenty-five of the rifles which the sneaking brown men had not yet gotten away with to the rear. At the same time Dr. Black of the ambulance corps and Dr. Smith of the Utahs disrobed, swam over with their instrument cases and dressed the wounds of some thirty Filipinos. It was a plucky thing to do, as the Filipinos show no respect for the red cross of Geneva, but our doctors are always doing plucky things out here. Dr. Smith, for instance, has been in every fight since March 25th, and keeps constantly on the firing-line at the major's side. With his case in hand he stands looking on, as cool as if he were fighting, and on one or two occasions he has drawn his revolver and shot some of the near-by enemy, afterward taking the best of care of them when they fell into his hands professionally.

At the Quinga River, the First Montana, two pieces of the Sixth United States Artillery under Lieutenant Fleming, and a Colt's automatic gun under Ensign Davis of the navy, made a reconnaissance. It took the artillery, all under Major Young, to the river's edge, 250 yards from the enemy's trenches. Here, without any cover possible, they fired fast and straight until the enemy simply couldn't stand it any longer and fled.

In every fight that has taken place so far, at least one gun of the Utah Light Artillery has taken part. Captain Wedgewood and Captain Grant, commanding the two batteries of this organization, have had some of the liveliest work to do that could fall to the lot of an artillery officer. A list of the ranges at which these fighting men have fired would make old artillery officers open their eyes. At Cabalaban, the range was 900 yards; at the Tuliahan River, 125 yards; near Malinte, 1,600 yards; near Meycauayan, 1,700 yards; at Marilao, sixty yards, and afterward at 2,000; at Bocaue, 900 and 700 yards. From here Major Young took a shot at 3,200 yards at a moving insurgent

train on the railway at Bigaa, the shell striking the train and driving out several insurgents in a panic. At Guiguinto, the range was 1,500 yards; at Santa Isabel, 1,050 yards, and at Quinga, 250 yards. On the Calocan road, on February 5th, the ranges ran from 150 to 1,000 yards; at La Loma, 450 to 1,200 yards; at San Paloc, 300 to 1,000 yards; at Santa Mesa, 700 to 1,700 yards; at Deposito, 500 yards; on the expedition to the water-works, from 800 to 1,500 yards, and in and around Calocan the ranges ran all the way from 400 to 2,600 yards.

It will be seen that some of these ranges are staggerers to people who have old-fashioned notions about artillery. Doubtless many will want to know how the gunners like this hand-to-hand work. They take it cheerfully, almost wistfully. In fact, as one Kansas soldier said: "The Utahs! Those big, husky chaps eat fight!" Major Young and his gritty outfit will surely be missed when the volunteers go home.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution.

MRS. SARAH DORON TERRY, ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT YEARS OLD, RECALLS MEMORIES OF WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, AND THE WAR OF 1812.

NESTLING in the old wicker-work chair which has been hers for more time than can be counted within the ordinary span of



MRS. SARAH DORON TERRY.
Photograph by Gutekunst.

human life, she gazes up at the sun through eyes that the tempests and changes of a hundred and eighty years have not dimmed. And as she sits outside the ugly little brick house that seems destined to be her last home on this earth, grateful for the sunlight that brings warmth to her withered heart, the men and women of to-day pass by careless of the story that lies in the frame of the little old woman by the doorway.

The story of Mrs. Sarah Doron Terry, of Philadelphia, piteously

contemplating the prospect of coal, railroad track, and wall around her, is the story of the steady tread of the country through the century to a mighty place among the nations of the world. Truly, it is not a pleasant place—that in which she sees the close of her life, with the great-grandnieces whose home she shares on North Sixteenth Street.

She never complained, she never has complained, they say, even when asthma racks her, and, fortunately, that does not often happen. Spite of her hundred and eighty years, the light, steel-knit figure—she never weighed more than ninety pounds—is as active as in the days when she was a handsome, buxom lass, with rosy cheeks and snappy black eyes, and danced with Lafayette at the citizens' ball.

She was born when the ink upon the parchment that bears the Declaration of Independence was still black. She has seen her country emerge from the first throes of the birth of the democracy into the dawn of the new life. She was a girl budding into the bloom of early womanhood when the nation not yet matured, was cast into the agonies of the War of 1812; and keenest in all her remembrance is that night in Philadelphia when the story came that the British had won a great victory and were advancing north. She recalls how the whole town was in darkness, while women and children were huddled together like frightened lambs, praying for the husbands and fathers far away. She saw Victoria, a plump, rosy little girl of twelve, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, playing around the gardens of Kensington Palace.

"I was companion then, my dear, to Mrs. Pedersen, the wife of the Danish minister," chirrups the old lady, smoothing her trembling hands on the front of her apron. "I thought that the little princess—no one ever imagined she'd be Queen then—had the sweetest child's face I ever saw; and she is a good woman if there ever lived one in this world."

Her memories are in the past. Her heart lies in the graves of her father, the famous soldier of the Revolutionary War; of her husband who carried a bullet from the fight of 1812, and of those who passed away fifty years ago. Of the world around her, of the men and women who fill it, she cares nothing. To her, they are as the figures of a dream, the creatures of another universe, of a life in which she has no part. In her mind it is but yesterday that George Washington asked her mother to cook him a dinner. She remembers how the general stood by the side of his horse at Market and Sixth streets, bowing in his grand manner to the crowd. And she tells you what a fine figure of a man he was.

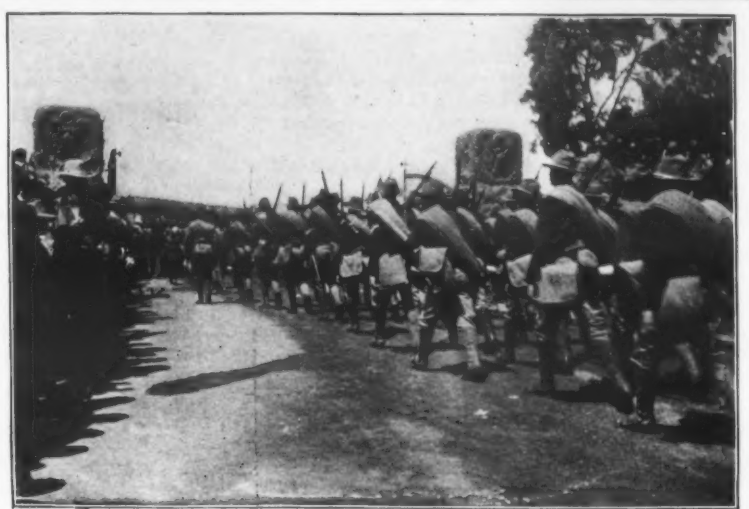
Clearest of all is her remembrance of the dashing Lafayette. The old lady is not exactly flattering to the men of to-day. She tells us that they are nincompoops, that they don't compare with the men of the past. She never saw anything to equal Lafayette's eloquent, beautiful brown eyes—"that seemed to look you through and through and through," or his hands, long, slim, and delicate. "And oh, how he could dance the minuet!" she cries, half-rising from her chair at the recollection.

"They tell me I have been made a Daughter of the Revolution. Well, they might have saved themselves the trouble. It is very kind of them, but I don't need to be elected a daughter. I am a daughter of the Revolution—the only genuine daughter left. How can they make me twice over? They can't take me back to the past, they can't bring me forward to the present. I have no place in this world or among these people. I want to close my eyes."

SAQUI SMITH.



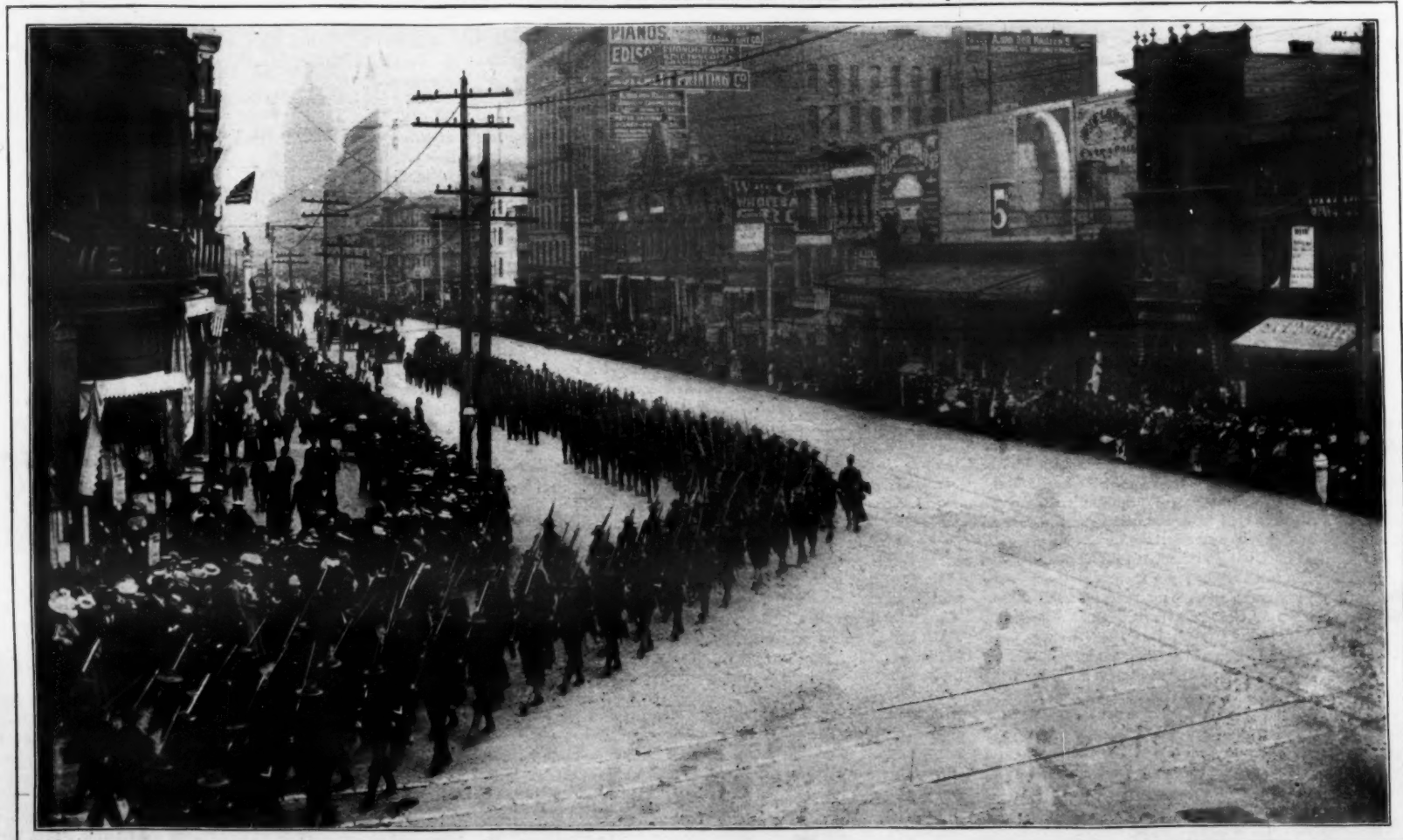
THE TATTERED COLORS OF THE FIRST NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS, SHOT ALMOST TO PIECES DURING THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.



THE FIRST RETURNING VOLUNTEERS MARCHING THROUGH THE GATES OF THE PRESIDIO.



CROWDS ENJOYING A VISIT TO THE MODEL CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO, WHERE THE RETURNING OREGON, NEBRASKA, AND UTAH VOLUNTEERS ARE ENCAMPED.
SAN FRANCISCO'S WELCOME TO THE HEROES FROM MANILA.—[SEE PAGE 150.]



THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA TURNING INTO GOLDEN GATE AVENUE ON ITS TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 150.]



ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NAPLES.

AN ENOCHIAN'S GROUND - JOURNAL



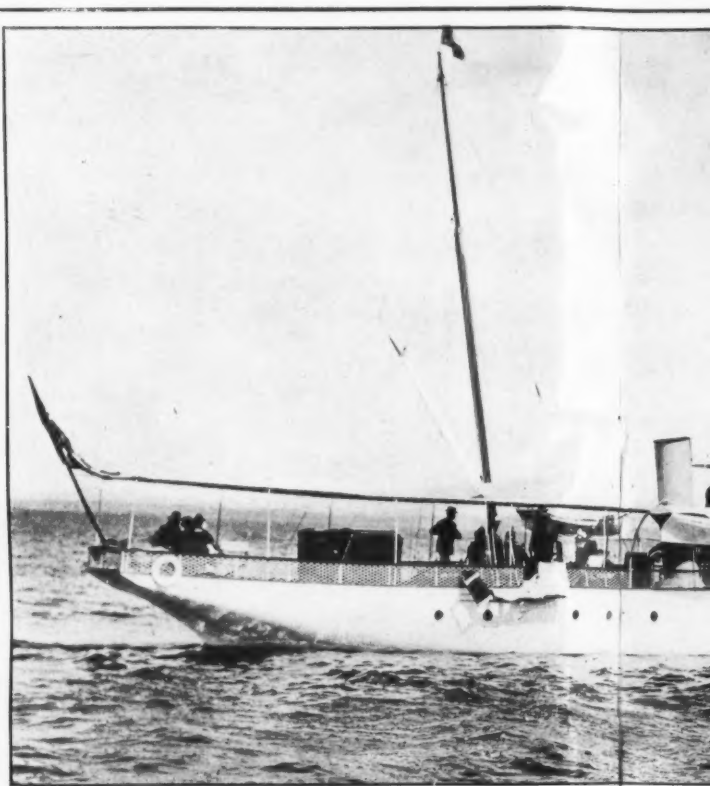
THE PRESIDENT, WITH DR. RIXEY, STARTING ON HIS CUSTOMARY AFTER-BREAKFAST MORNING STROLL.



STOPPING TO TALK WITH THE OMNIPRESENT OHIO MAN--A FRIEND FROM DAYTON.



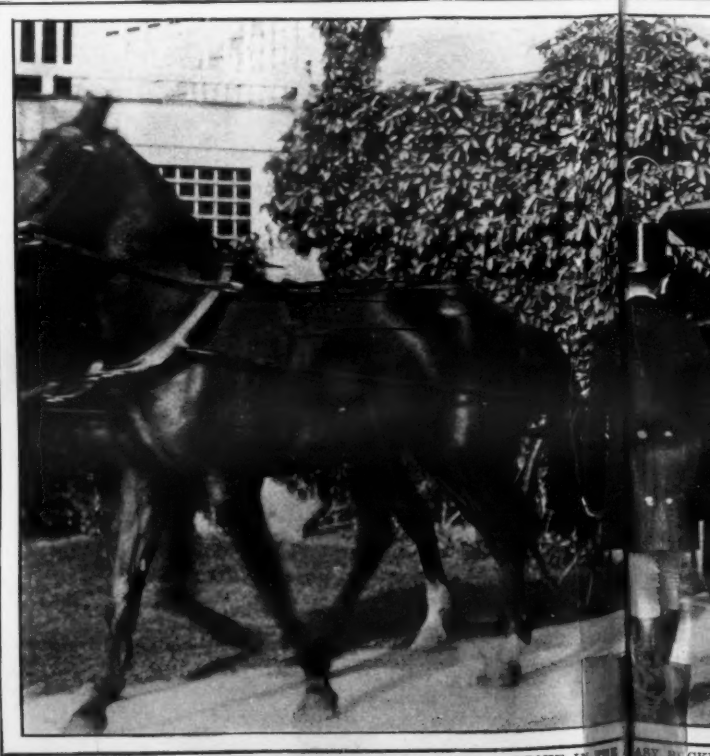
THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT COMING ASHORE FROM DR. WEBB'S YACHT, AFTER VIEWING THE REGATTA ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



DR. W. SEWARD WEBB'S YACHT, THE "ELFRIDA," GENEROUSLY TENDED.



THE PRESIDENT STARTS OUT FOR A DRIVE WITH VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART.



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY STARTING FOR A DRIVE IN THE WOODS, WITH THE COMPLIMENT OF A BUCKEYE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ENJOYING HIS SUMMER REST AT

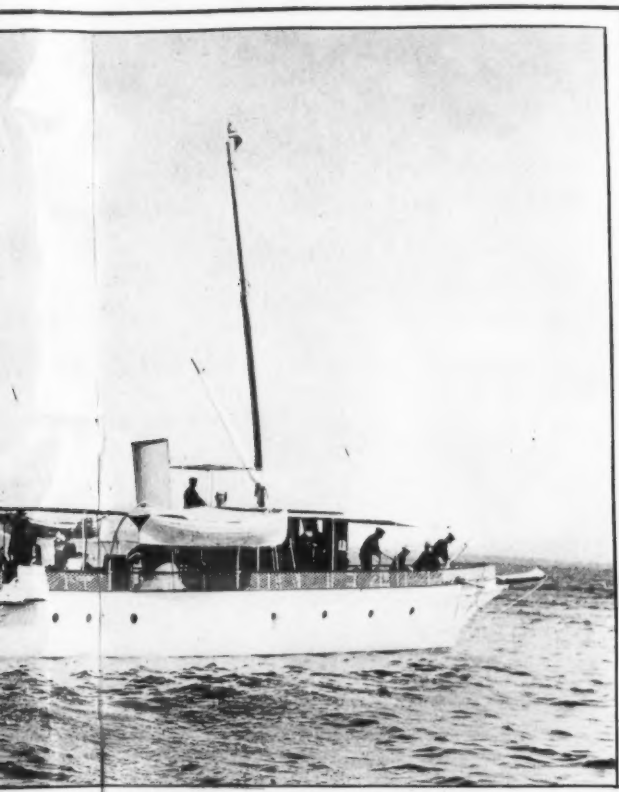
HE DRIVES WITH MRS. MCKINLEY AND WITH VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART, WALKS THROUGH THE WOODS, AND



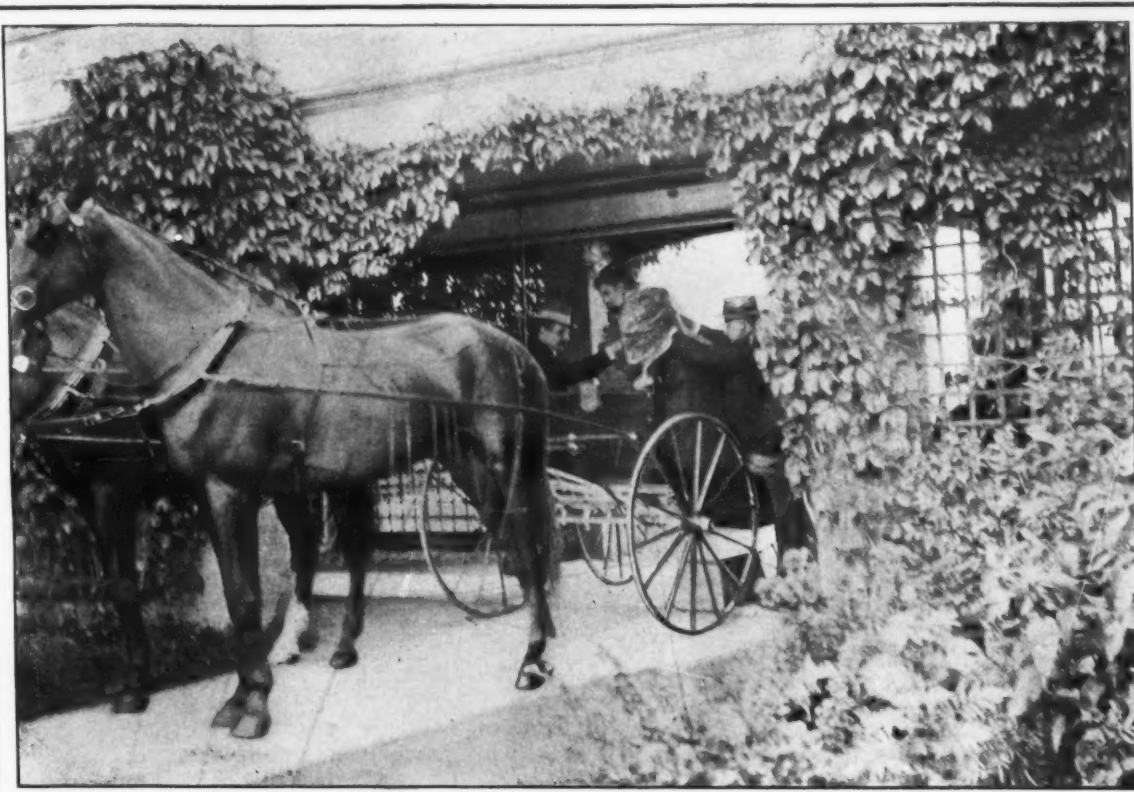
THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.



SECRETARY CORTELYOU, WHO WORKS WHILE THE PRESIDENT RESTS.



MA," GENEROUSLY TENDERED FOR THE USE OF THE PRESIDENT.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SECRETARY ASSISTING MRS. MCKINLEY INTO HER CARRIAGE.



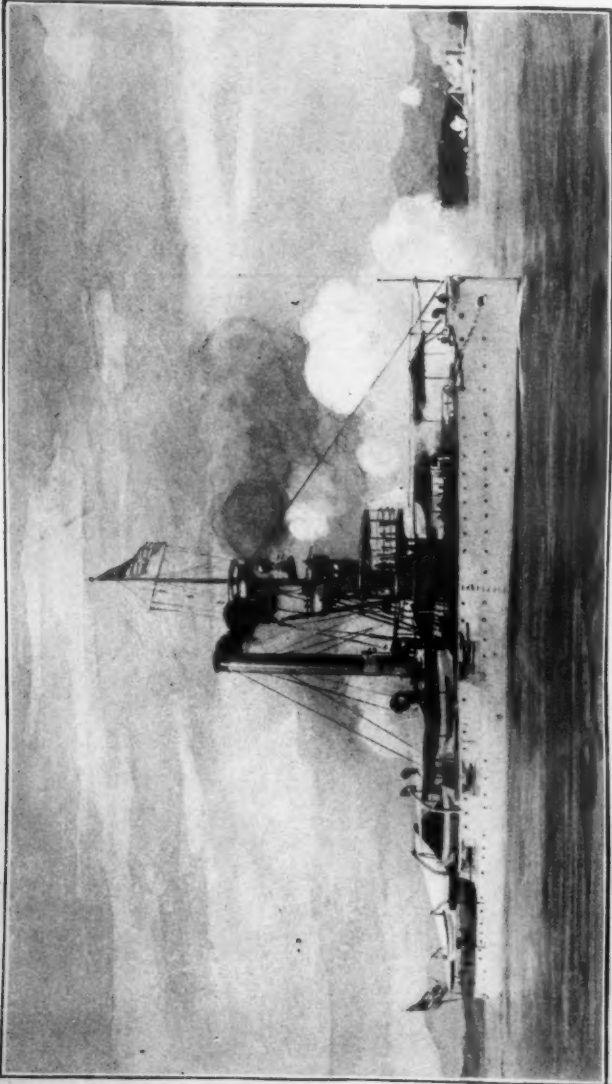
DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY. THE CARriage SENT OVER FROM BURLINGTON, VERMONT. COMPLIMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT.



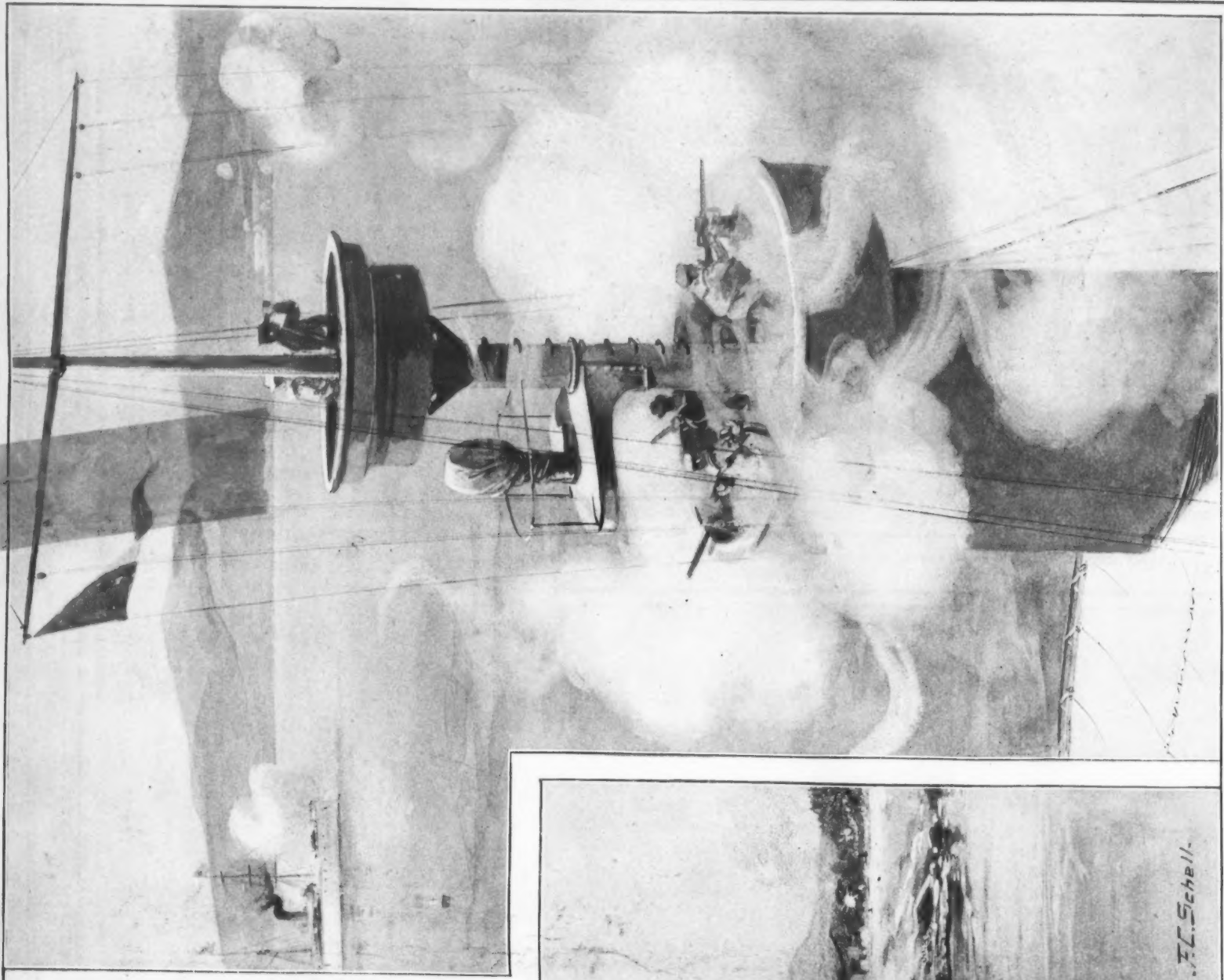
THE PRESIDENT GREETING HIS SMILING NEW SECRETARY OF WAR, THE HON. ELIHU ROOT.

REST AT HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, BLUFF POINT, NEW YORK.

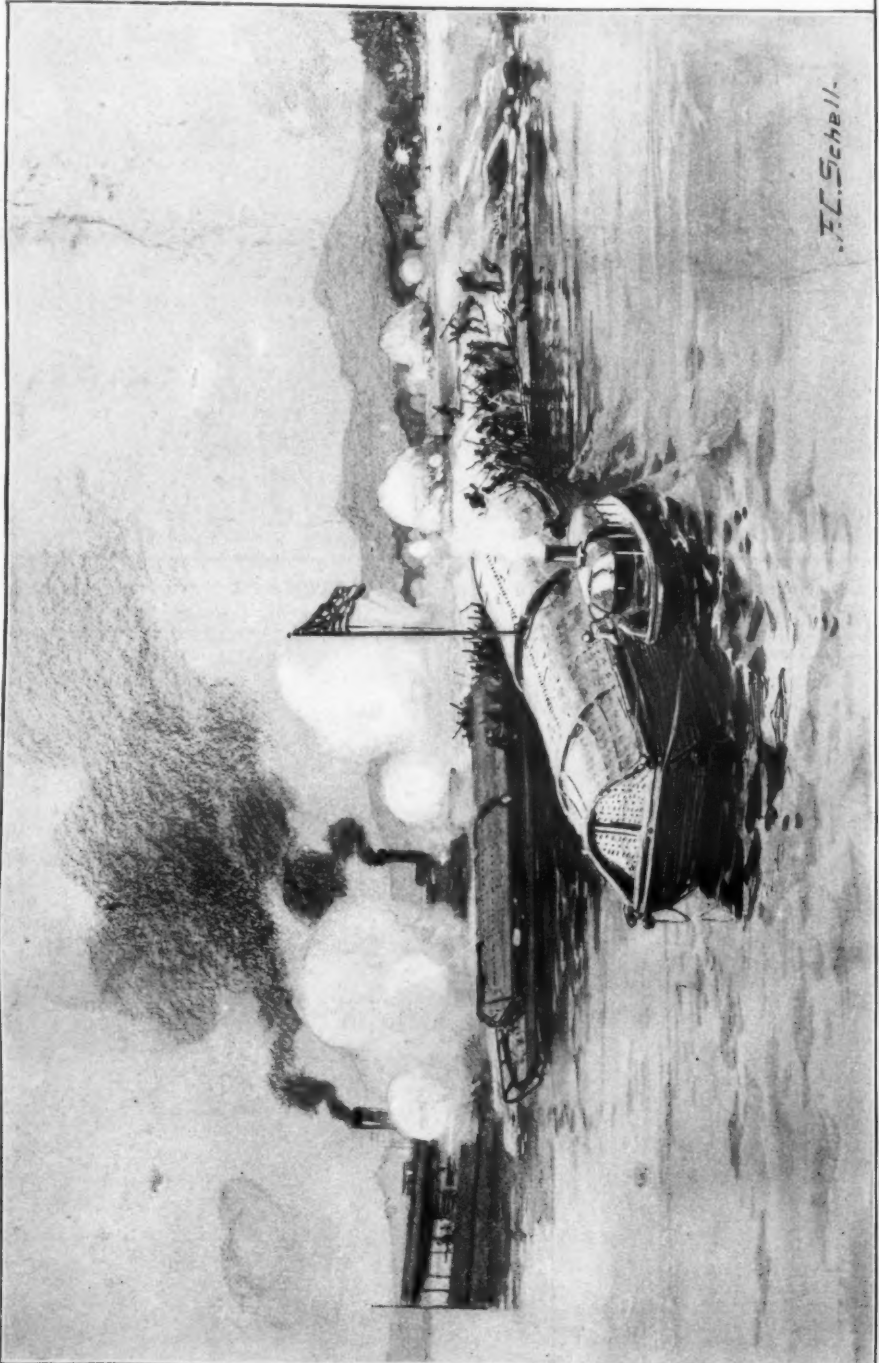
OUGH THE WOODS, AND SAILS ON DR. WEBB'S YACHT.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY HOFFMAN & HEDLEY.



THE PLUCKY LITTLE GUN-BOAT "HELENA" DRIVING BACK THE FILIPINOS AND ENABLING THE ARMY TO ADVANCE BEYOND LAS PINAS.



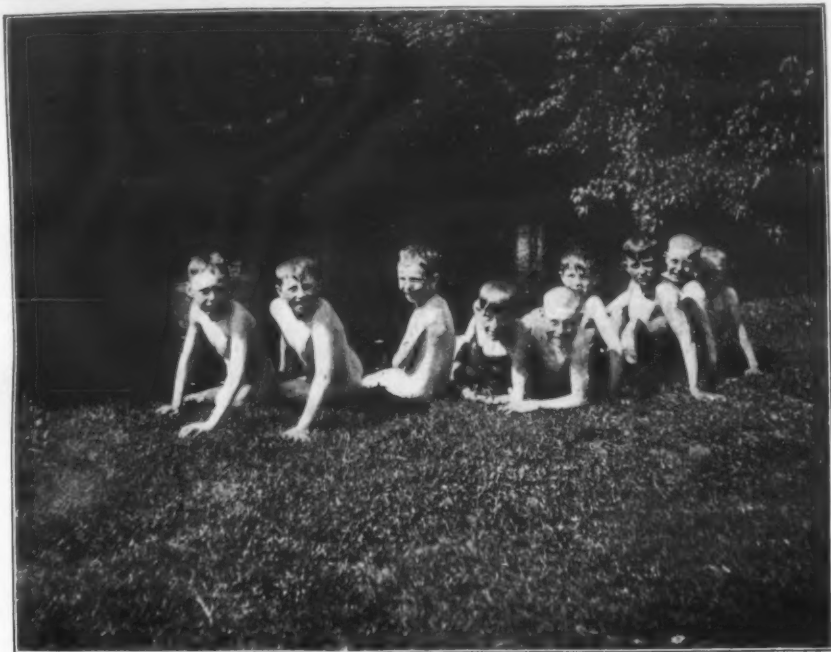
THE CAPTURE OF CALAMBA, THE LATEST VICTORY IN THE PHILIPPINES—GENERAL HALL'S MEN IN A LEADEN HAIL.



OFFICERS ABOVE THE FIGHTING-TOP OF THE "HELENA" WITNESSING THE ENGAGEMENT AT ZAPOTE.

THE NAVY STILL DOING GOOD WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

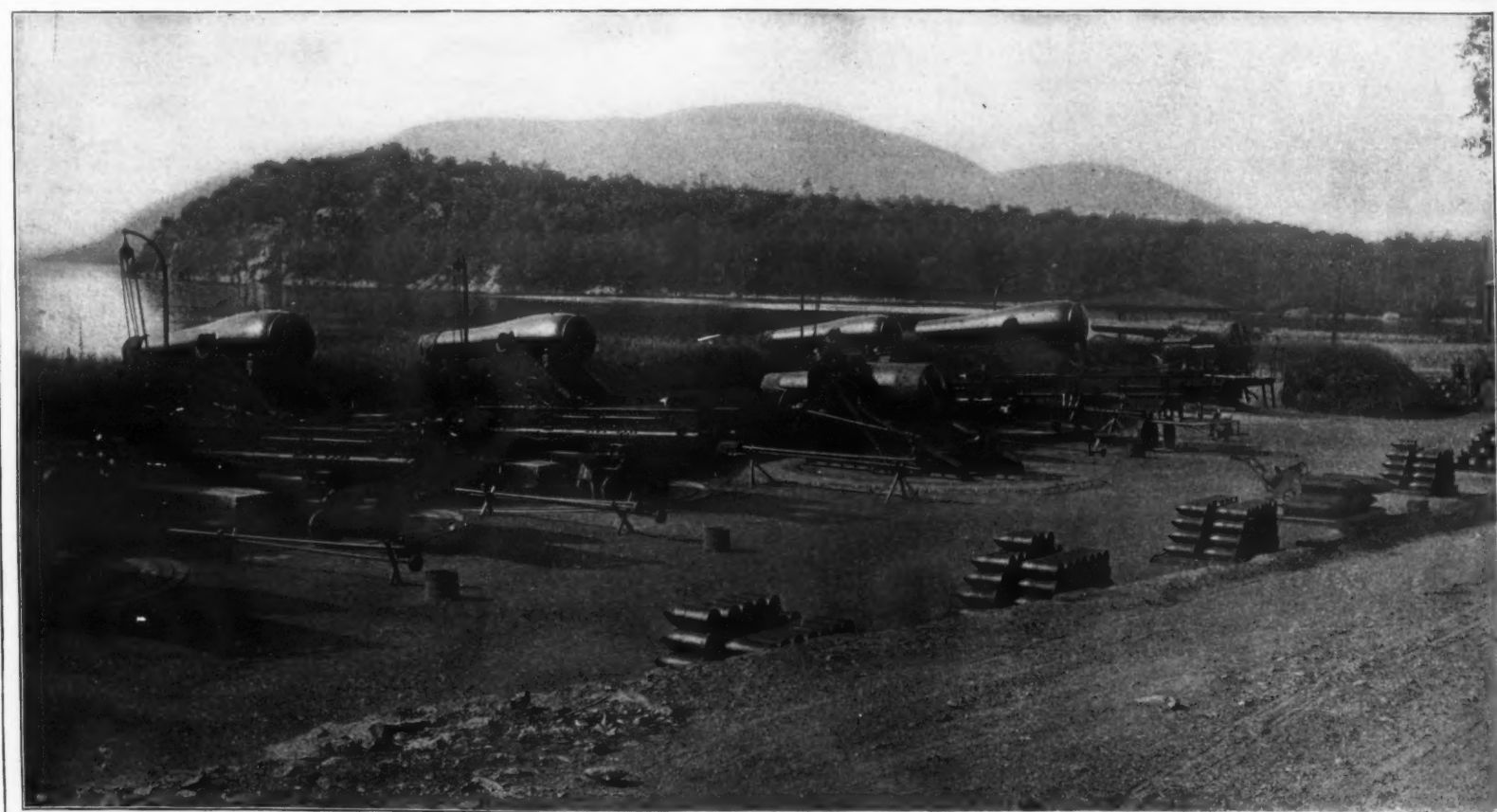
RECENT ENGAGEMENTS IN WHICH OUR WIDE-AWAKE WAR-VESSELS AND PLUCKY MARINES TOOK A LEADING PART.



"AT THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE."
From Charles Roswell Munsell, Denver, Colorado.



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"—A MILKING-TIME IDYL.
From George J. Ruprecht, Chicago.



SEACOAST GUNS OF THE WATER BATTERY AT WEST POINT.
Photographed by W. D. Champlin, Poughkeepsie.



"UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS"—A NOTABLE GROUP IN THE MILWAUKEE
CARNIVAL-DAY PARADE.—From Tom L. Johnson, Milwaukee.



"DINNER-TIME ON THE FARM."
From W. W. Drury, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR PRIZE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

THE WINNERS LAST WEEK WERE: FIRST PRIZE, \$5, GEORGE E. GUEBRY, NEW ORLEANS; SECOND PRIZE, \$3, H. F. HILD, CHICAGO.

What the Wet Season Means.

DIFFICULTIES THAT HARASS THE OVER-WORKED AMERICAN TROOPS—APPEALS FOR PEACE—SENATOR BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA, A WELCOME VISITOR.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

SAN FERNANDO, June 22d, 1896.—"Game postponed on account of rain." That seems to sum up the situation here as concisely as it could be done. General MacArthur's division, which has had the most important work so far, is resting on its laurels. Certainly it has had enough of them. Some of the volunteers, notably the Nebraskans, have been moved into town, and ere long all of the volunteer regiments will doubtless be away from here, their places being taken by regular troops, who continue to arrive rapidly at Manila.

There is "*mucha agua*" in the air. It rains every day now. The wet season has come around, a little late, but none the less in earnest. There is nothing in the United States to which to compare the Filipino downpour by way of explanation. It is simply drenching—all but obliterating! In fifteen minutes the rainfall will render a road nearly impassable, even to such



UNITED STATES SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

hardy troops as ours. "The ordnance department will have to issue life preservers if we're to fight now," is the grumbling way one soldier here phrased it. It is not believed at headquarters that General MacArthur's division, which has borne the brunt of the fighting so far, will be called upon to attempt any further aggressive movements. Up here it is believed that the American and Filipino peace commissions, which are holding sessions in Manila, are simply frittering away time. The troops are all for stopping parley and sticking to it along fighting lines, but all realize alike that little more can be done—at least, done wisely—up in this country until the sun gets back from its summer vacation.

In the meantime the soldiers are all quartered in native *nipa* houses, up off the ground, under roofs as impervious as possible to rain, and eating ravenously the newly-arrived rations in a way that is a source of despair to the quartermasters. To get food supplies up to this division is a task of no slight dimensions. It would take a host of mule-teams and wagons. With the utmost number of teams and wagons employed it was impossible to accumulate reserve supplies here, until a bright mind conceived the scheme of the "Chinese express." The railroad is now running from Manila to Calumpit. Just beyond Calumpit is one of the railroad's great iron bridges, which the insurgents, in retreating back from the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, rather successfully destroyed. Though our engineers are working night and day on the bridge, it is not yet in running order. When it is finished the track will be in operation from Manila all the way up to San Fernando, as the track from the Rio Grande to San Fernando is now in good working order. In the meantime, while there are no locomotives in our possession on this side of the Rio Grande, there are a few flat cars. These, loaded with freight, the Chinese coolies are now made to push up and down the track, and one car will carry several times as much as a wagon.

A delegation of "leading citizens" from Bacolor came in, under a mass of waving white flags, to tell General MacArthur that which he already knew about the departure of the insurgent army. They also came to protest their undying allegiance to the United States, and to inquire on what terms it could be accepted. "All you have to do," said the general, "is to return to your homes, remain there law-abiding and orderly, and engage in your usual pursuits." Finding that they were not in any way to be punished, and that their property and other rights would be held inviolable by the American troops, the leaders communicated this information to the waiting mass in the street below. Loud cheers greeted the news. Some of the Filipinos wanted to remain in San Fernando, but to this General MacArthur preferred not to consent. Nevertheless the result of the mission had been entirely successful, and the delegation, comprising hundreds of natives, sent up a lusty cheer of "Viva America" as they set off upon their return to Bacolor. Both San Fernando and Bacolor are beautiful towns, gauged by Filipino standards, and certainly very pleasant places judged by any standard. Both are important cities of the Pampanga Province, undoubtedly the richest, most fertile, and most prosperous section of the island. Should the insurrection continue, these twin cities will doubtless become important garrison towns.

Not one of the least interesting features of the campaign up here has been the presence of United States Senator Beveridge, of Indiana. He came out to the Philippines presumably to study the problem for himself, for that is what he has been doing ever since he reached the island of Luzon. Youthful, keen-witted, alert almost to the point of restlessness, brisk of manner

and omnipresent, he has been thoroughly over the ground, visiting even the outposts, and taking many squints at the not distant enemy. In appearance the Senator does not look exactly his rôle. He is more of the type of the military man, and wearing, as he has done, the brown *khaki* of the army, he looks like a young lieutenant or captain of the line. Probably nothing has escaped his Senatorial eye. He has visited every regiment, and got the ideas of the men as well as of the officers. Every scrap of information that he could gather has doubtless been filed away for future reference in Senate committee or on the floor.

Of his opinion on the retention of the Philippines he has nothing to say. One can only gather from his freely-expressed admiration of the beauty, fertility, and resources of Luzon, and of the intelligence of the natives, that he looks upon this as a valuable corner-lot of the world. Of his opinion of the soldiers, however, he makes no secret at all. "They are great, splendid bulls," he declared, enthusiastically. "They can stand the fatigue and do the fighting that no other troops on earth can. They are patient, always tractable, without any serious complaint, and heroes every one. Have you noticed, by the way, the great predominance of light hair and blue eyes? The clear, true Saxon type is almost the only type to be found as you go about from regiment to regiment." The Senator's main uneasiness appeared to be over the fact that it was not possible for him to see any of the fighting during the time that he allotted to visiting the country held by this division. Before his return to the United States he will doubtless visit several of the other islands in the group.

H. I. H.

New York City's Compliments to Mr. Dewey.

Say, George,
We won't do
A thing to you
When you get home once more
From fighting on a foreign shore.
The big front door
Is wide open, and more,
To let
You in out of the wet,
Where you've been with your boat
Walloping everything afloat.
That you tackled. And ready, by gum,
To tackle some
That you didn't. Gee whiz,
What a winner the Yankee is!
Do tell.
He wouldn't be afraid of hell
If there was water there to float
His boat
In, would he? And he
Is the same on the land as he is on the sea.
But war
Isn't what we are here for.
We're waiting to meet you
And greet you
With shouts and yells,
And booms and bells,
And boats and floats,
And toots and shoots,
And whoops and troops,
And songs and throngs,
And eats and treats,
And—and—and
Any old thing in this broad land
Of freedom. Whoop! hooray!
All you've got to do is to say
What you want, and you
Shall have it p. d. q.
It's a pity
If the greatest city
In America can
Not give to the greatest man,
The greatest greeting; and
She can, as you will understand
When we're through
With you.
Why, George,
If our other George came back, we
Couldn't do more for him
Than we'll do for you. See?
And G. W. was no slouch in his day,
Though he never shot up Manila Bay.
Whoop! hooray! !

W. J. LAMPTON.

Home from the Jungles.

RETURN OF THE HEROIC NEBRASKA AND UTAH VOLUNTEERS FROM THE PHILIPPINES—THEIR WARM RECEPTION BY PATRIOTIC SAN FRANCISCO—A MODEL CAMP FOR MUSTERING THEM OUT.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 3d, 1896.—Two of the most notable volunteer commands that fought in the Philippines have returned. The First Nebraska Infantry, which lost the most men, participated in the most battles, and was the longest on the firing-line of any organization in the entire Eighth Army Corps, is home again, and San Francisco welcomed the men as ardently as though they were her own sons. On the *Hancock* with the Nebraskans was the Utah Light Artillery, which was practically an active participant in every engagement in Luzon during the entire year. For four months continuously the Nebraskans were at the front, though two weeks of such service, unvaried by recall or rest, is considered sufficient for any command of regulars. The Utah men were considered an important factor even as early as the fights with the Spaniards before Manila was taken, and thereafter their destructive guns were brought to bear to clear the way for every important assault of infantry.

The *Hancock*, which brought these men across the sea, is a huge vessel. Before she was purchased by the United States and earned the right to the red, white, and blue upon her smokestack she was called the *Arizona*, and she is the largest steamer which ever crossed the Pacific Ocean. The *Hancock* arrived at San Francisco most inopportunistically. She was sighted as she came through the Golden Gate shortly before midnight on Saturday, the 29th of July, and the brilliant reception planned could not come off. A heavy mist hung over the bay, the digni-

taries from Nebraska were not to be found, and only a few newspaper men hailed the transport from pitching launches or White-hall boats. The Governor of Nebraska, the populist Poynter, who had stolen a march on the Republicans by arriving in San Francisco twelve hours ahead of the Republican State Central Committee, reached the *Hancock* about one o'clock in the morning, when almost everybody had gone to rest. It is said that the Governor is in San Francisco to do a political turn, and if so, the untimely arrival of the *Hancock* was a wet blanket to his hopes, for the welcome lacked splendor and enthusiasm.

But the next day all was changed. On Sunday the wharves swarmed with people to welcome the men. On Monday the returned troops, 1,116 in number, with an escort of regulars and cavalry and artillery, marched from the dock to the Presidio through streets thronged with people, where waving flags shut out the bright skies, amidst the barking of cannon mounted on the tops of high buildings, and to the incessant popping of thousands of fire-crackers. The flag of the Nebraskans is riddled and shattered, and the scarlet guidon of the Utah Artillery is half torn away. Next to the colors the ambulance, crowded with the injured, attracted applause mingled with the sounds of sobbing, for the Nebraskans have paid a heavier price than any other regiment in the Philippines. The regiment was in twenty-five battles, the most disastrous of which was that at Quinga, where forty-three men were killed and wounded. Colonel Stotsenberg was killed there, and another officer as well, while two more officers were wounded. Every second lieutenant in the regiment has risen from the ranks since the regiment went to the front, and Lieutenant-Colonel Eagar, who went out as a captain, is the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the entire service, being only twenty-six years old. The Utah men were particularly fortunate and lost but few, though they saw much service. The Nebraskans are proud of the fact that Private Grayson, of their ranks, is said to be the man who killed the first Filipino.

The regiments have gone into the model camp established at the Presidio, and will be mustered out in San Francisco. About \$450,000 is due to the Nebraska men alone for back pay, travel pay, and rations. The city of San Francisco will arrange various entertainments for the men while they are here in camp, and San Francisco seems destined to be the great mustering-out point for the army of the Philippines.

The government has established at San Francisco a model camp, which will serve as a temporary home for the returning army. The great demand of all the returned soldiers is to be mustered out in San Francisco. Though it costs the government more to do this thing, the administration dare not refuse, for election is coming on. With the men the desire is purely mercenary. The city of Portland was deeply disappointed when the Oregon men refused to be mustered out in the home State, but it made a difference of some \$40,000 to the Oregonians, and no amount of State pride could overcome that. The Oregonians will be in San Francisco a month or two, and will probably spend most of their money in this city. After the mustering out the men have promised to go to Oregon in a body by special train, but Portland is so disgusted that there may be no celebration, after all, and the river fête, designed to properly welcome the transports, has been necessarily abandoned. The Oregon regiment is the first occupant of the model camp, and much fuss has been made over the fact that the men are in thin *khaki* suits and light underwear, and without overcoats. There are



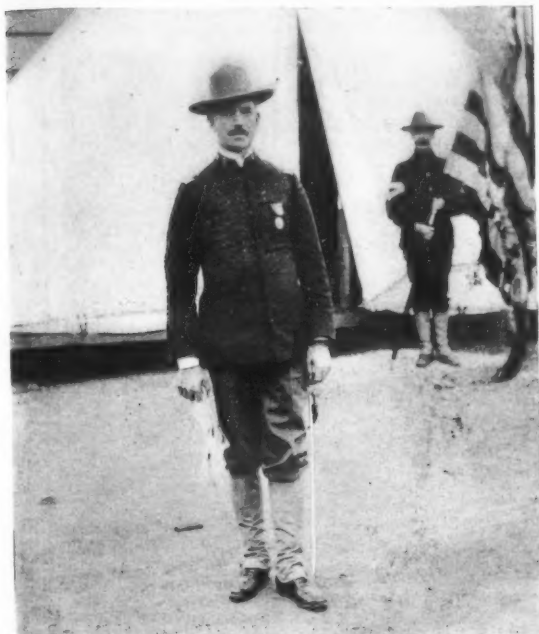
THE LAST GOOD-BYE AT MANILA OF COLONEL HAWKINS, THE "FIGHTING COLONEL" OF THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIANS, WHO DIED ON THE JOURNEY HOME FROM MANILA.

plenty of overcoats to be had for the paying, but the men are too economical to buy them, and will have no use for army overcoats in a few weeks. A great many stupid but well-intentioned people are unable to see why the government does not issue overcoats gratis, and the men, who have money, prefer to spend it for less substantial things. The Nebraskans and Utah artillerymen, the latter having left their guns where they will do the most good, are also quartered in the model camp, which now holds something like 2,100 men. To these the men of Pennsylvania were shortly added. The camp is well laid out, with broad streets and fair drainage, and it is hoped that the crying evils of Montauk may be avoided. The returned troops find the cool weather bracing, and the government ration is unexpectedly good and abundant, containing fresh milk, eggs, and butter. The camp of these bronzed and attenuated veterans is almost as attractive as the camps of the round-faced, smooth-chinned

young volunteers of a year ago were to the residents of San Francisco.

San Francisco welcomed the Tenth Pennsylvania more cordially than she had either of the regiments from nearer home. The men from the Keystone State arrived on the *Senator* late Tuesday night; the body of their dead colonel, who had died at sea, was on the poop-deck, but every other man on board was well and aching to be on land again. Preparations were made to receive the volunteers. The large Pennsylvania Legislative and the Pittsburgh citizens' committees did not arrive until twenty-four hours later, and the delegates were so affected at the news of Colonel Hawkins' death that all formal ceremonies were dispensed with, and it was decided to merge the committees into an executive body to arrange for the transportation of the men to their homes. The committees were accompanied by a large and very distinguished body of Pennsylvania newspaper men, including some renowned writers and well-known editors.

The death of Colonel Hawkins during the voyage, from cancer of the stomach, put the regiment in a sort of mourning and tempered their gayety. It was the order that there should be



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BURNETT, OF THE RETURNING TENTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT, IN QUARTERS AT SAN FRANCISCO—THE TATTERED REGIMENTAL COLORS BEHIND HIM.

no whistling and tooting, but when the Pennsylvanians marched from their transport, preceded by the Nebraska volunteers and the Utah band, a solid phalanx of cheering people waved flags, rang bells, blew horns, shook great sheets of tin, shrieked through megaphones, and behaved as though all the Fourth of Julys that ever happened were rolled into one.

The Pennsylvania men, who hail, by the way, from the region of the coal-mines of western Pennsylvania, not from the City of Brotherly Love, are in better fettle than any other volunteer regiment which has reached San Francisco. They are healthier in color and much stronger than either the Nebraskans or the Oregonians. There were not enough sick men in the entire regiment to fill the ambulances. The Pennsylvanians have a tattered battle-flag, but they explain that by saying that the flag was ten years old when they took it on its travels, and the Philippine dampness did the rest.

Not that the fighting Tenth has not seen service. It has seen fighting, and plenty of it, having arrived in time to get a hand in with the Spaniards before tackling the Filipinos. But the men from Penn's State were small, wiry fellows to begin with, smaller in stature than any men who passed through San Francisco, with the exception of the volunteers from Tennessee. They hold several records. The one they prize the most is the base-ball record of the Philippines, but the one that is likely to be longest remembered is the health record, for the Pennsylvanians lost just six men from wounds and disease from the time they were recruited at Mount Macgregor until the day when they again set foot in San Francisco. In addition, they traveled farther than any volunteers in history. From Pittsburgh to Manila is a far journey. As the men marched through San Francisco to the Presidio reservation they were showered with flowers and good wishes, and when they reached the model camp that had been prepared for them, between their old friends, the Nebraskans and the Oregonians, they were astounded at the neatness and comfort of everything and delighted with their new quarters. They will be escorted home by the committee from their own State.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

All Michigan Welcomes Alger.

(Continued from page 152.)

a few days before, had been forced out of the Cabinet of President McKinley. In the parade were many streamers. At the head of Fairbanks Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of which General Alger has been a member for many years, was a big banner on which was inscribed, "There is only one flag," and at the rear, following the members of the post, who carried by its edges a great American flag forty feet in length, was another, inscribed, "There is only one Alger of Fairbanks Post." A battalion of young ladies and girls in snow-white uniforms marched in front of the general's carriage, and just behind was Detroit Post, Grand Army of the Republic, which has become famous as the most perfectly drilled Grand Army post in the country.

At the city hall, where the great stand had been erected, the crowd was so dense that it was with the greatest difficulty that the police opened a way for the general and his party. Escorted by Governor Pingree, Mayor Maybury, and the officers of

the Michigan National Guard and Naval Reserve, he finally ascended the stage. A battalion of mounted police had taken station in front of the stand to prevent crowding. Three minutes after General Alger arrived these men could not move their horses, so tightly packed was the crowd, and there they stayed helpless until long after darkness had fallen. Women fainted. They were picked up by strong arms and passed over the heads of the crowds to stores, where they were revived. An ambulance was called. It became so tightly wedged in among the people that it could not be released, and the patient lay in it for twenty minutes before the police extricated it. Forty thousand persons were gathered around the stand.

When Mayor Maybury's graceful speech had ended, Governor Pingree, on behalf of the State of Michigan, extended to General Alger another welcome. His speech was bitter on the McKinley administration and full of sarcasm. During Governor Pingree's speech General Alger sat immovable. And when he arose to reply he made no allusions to the reasons for his retirement from the Cabinet.

In the corridors of the city hall the general received those who wished to meet him. For three hours the crowd surged through the building. It had been transformed into a beautiful grotto of bunting, lighted by myriads of electric lights, red, white, and blue, and on a raised platform canopied by great flags Mrs. Alger, with the ladies of the receiving party, were stationed. General Alger was flanked by Major Hopkins, his military secretary in the War Department, and the mayor, Governor, and others, and 12,000 people shook hands with him. For each he had a hearty grip and a word or two.

Later I saw him at his home. His hair is whiter than it was when he left Detroit, but his figure is as erect, his voice as strong, and his step as active. His face was bronzed, and the tremendous strain through which he has passed during the past year has slightly seamed it with furrows of care. His voice is a little sharper and he eyes one a little more keenly than was his wont, but otherwise he has not changed, and under the terrible task of conducting a war in the face of difficulties almost insurmountable, the opposition of the President and his advisers, and the bitter and continued attacks of the Eastern press, it is a wonder that he did not break down under the strain. He had little to say. "My Cabinet affairs are a closed incident," he said, with a smile. "I have returned to Michigan, and here I expect to stay the rest of my life. I am now here to attend to my business affairs. I am overjoyed at laying aside my official cares."

H. COY GLIDDEN.

The Knights of Pythias Monument.

THE ornate and elaborate monument erected by the Knights of Pythias at Utica, New York, in honor of the founder of the order, and which was recently unveiled with becoming ceremonies, was designed by the well-known sculptors and builders of public and private monuments and memorials, Messrs. Hoffmann & Procházka, of 15 East Twelfth Street, New York. The design has been copyrighted, but we neglected to note that fact in publishing our very excellent photograph of it in the issue of August 5th.

Wall Street—A Warning.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE New York Life Insurance Company is noted for being one of the "hustling" financial institutions of our times. It will lose nothing by its decision to sell out its holdings of stocks, amounting to many millions, for if it chooses to buy them back it can do so advantageously before a year has passed. There is a suspicion abroad that many of the great operators have quietly unloaded nearly all their holdings, and are not averse to a reaction which will give them an opportunity to buy in at a lower level. The market has been in the hands of the liquidators and traders for the past sixty days, and the end is not yet.

It is obvious that prices can be advanced most readily from a low level, and that they can be depressed most readily from a high level. Bull panics are rare, as compared with the number of bear panics. People get frightened easier than they get exalted. Note the recent panic in Montreal, arising out of the troubles of a single bank, when the streets in front of some of the strongest banking institutions in that city were surrounded with despairing men and women fighting to break in and get their money. By the way, the little flurry among the banks in Montreal led to an immediate and sudden drop in the prices of local stocks of from five to twenty points. What happened in Montreal is liable to happen in any money centre under the sudden pressure of unexpected and unlooked for circumstances. Hence my warning to every reader to buy his stocks outright and not to risk operations on a margin.

"S. L.," Toledo, Ohio: I think American Linseed Oil preferred is a purchase at the price named. The earnings are large and the outlook of the company is excellent.

"Medicus," Macon, Georgia: The commercial rating of the party named, as given by the mercantile agencies, is not very high. I would prefer one of the old and well-established banking houses.

"Granger," Denver, Colorado: I would not exchange my stock in the Worthington Pump Company for stock in the International Pump Company. The latter concern is enormously over-capitalized.

"Trader," Hartford, Connecticut: Another semi-annual dividend of one per cent. has just been declared on the second preferred St. Louis and San Francisco stock. It is earning more than this, and should sell higher, unless the entire market declines.

"L. B.," Pittsburg: National Lead preferred is one of the fair investment industrials. There may be danger in the organization by Pittsburg capitalists of an opposition company, but this danger I hardly regard as serious. Troublesome opponents are usually absorbed by prosperous trusts.

"Margin," Atlanta, Georgia: The Tobacco stocks have been advanced by manipulation. Until they take the public in their confidence and publish their earnings, I cannot regard them with favor. (2) The Pressed Steel Car ought to bring you a profit. Would sell the Federal Steel when it reaches the figure you have fixed, but would not sacrifice it at a loss.

"T. A.," New York: I do not believe in the infallibility of any of the so-called "charts" which are offered as guides to the fluctuations of the stock market. It is axiomatic that we judge of the future best by the records and experiences of the past, and a study of the history of the stock market is very helpful to the speculator and investor. But any one who absolutely depends upon a chart will find that there are exceptions to all rules.

"L.," Albany, New York: The warning of Governor Murphy of Arizona, to Eastern investors was in reference to the Val Verde and Spnazuma mines. After this warning I should sell my stock at the

best price I could get. (2) People's Gas weakened on the report that the Ogden Gas Company, of Chicago, was preparing to cut rates and open a gas war in Chicago, but has more than recovered its loss. Its friends advocate its purchase for investment.

"A. D. F.," Cleveland: I do not believe in the kind of business you are doing, that is, placing money with one party subject to the buying and selling orders of another, unless you know both parties personally and have reason to place implicit confidence in them. Circulars are being sent all over the country broadcast by a lot of Wall Street sharpers, inviting investors to intrust their funds to certain bucket-shops, and to follow the advice of the sharper regarding speculation. The sharper to have for his share a commission on all that he makes. I don't know what kind of an agreement you have with the parties you name, but I am confident that whatever it is, it provides that you shall run all the risk, and that you must share your profits with one who does not agree to share any of the losses. In the end it is easy to see where your money will go.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Questions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

"A READER," who asks that I will not use his name, inquires if "The Hermit" did not, six years ago, warn the members of the Iron Hall that the insurance plan of that organization, great and apparently prosperous as it then was, would ultimately, but certainly, fail. He says he was a member of the Iron Hall at the time and strongly resented the criticisms of the association written by "The Hermit." He now desires to offer an apology and to say that "The Hermit" was right, and that if "A Reader" had taken the former's advice he would have saved himself from a troublesome and expensive experience. It is said that confession is good for the soul, and I acknowledge "Reader's" courtesy and his manly conduct; but the lesson I would teach from his letter will be valuable if it is learned in time by the thousands and hundreds of thousands of members of fraternal and assessment associations similar to the Iron Hall, which must all ultimately share the disastrous fate of the latter.

A man who insures his life does it for the sake of securing the future against possible and probable ill-fortune. He is a very unwise man who will risk his money in such an event in a venturesome scheme. Assessment insurance makes no definite guarantee to the insured, but it exposes the latter constantly to the risk of having his assessments increased until finally they become unbearable. While they may be small at the beginning, they are certain to mount up rapidly in the end. In an old-line company the policy-holder pays apparently a high rate at the beginning, but this rate will not be increased. On the contrary, the payment of dividends very often decreases it, and with the policy goes a guarantee of a certain fixed value upon its surrender at any time. So that a policy in an old-line company of the first-class really is an investment of the safest kind.

"Mrs. G.," St. Paul, Minnesota: I would not accept such a settlement. Your policy calls for better treatment, and there is no reason why you should compromise at a sacrifice.

"Clerk," Savannah, Georgia: A good short-term policy for you would be that which is offered by the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York. (2) I see no reason for changing from the Travelers. It is all right.

"Worker," Allegheny City, Pennsylvania: Your judgment is good. I would drop my \$3,000 policy in the fraternal association and take the policy for \$1,000 offered you in the New York Life. The form of policy you mention is excellent.

"Dependent," Toledo, Ohio: If your circumstances are just as you give them, and if your income at the figure named is assured, I would advise that you take a fifteen-year endowment policy in either one of the great New York companies—the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life. The premium rates would be the same.

"A. L.," Milwaukee: I have made no such statement regarding the Mutual Reserve as your letter quotes. It must have been made by some one else. The last annual report of this association was, in reference to the matter you speak of, as follows:

Claims adjusted, not yet due	\$593,380 00
Claims in process of adjustment, not resisted	741,974 70
Claims resisted	110,833 00
Claims reported, no proofs received	421,196 76

Total.....\$1,777,384 06

These figures are from the official report of the company, and are therefore reliable. I could not have given you the figures you quote, because they were really unwarranted. The State insurance department of New York has been for some time making an examination of the condition of this company, but the report has not yet been printed. I will endeavor to summarize its conclusions.

"McK.," Galveston, Texas, incloses circulars of a so-called tontine association in Minnesota, which offers to sell diamonds on a sort of life-insurance tontine plan. It makes a contract with a man to pay five dollars down and one dollar and twenty-five cents per week for sixty weeks, and then gives him a \$200 diamond for the eighty dollars paid in. It says it can do this because of the large number of its members who lapse, or rather do not continue their payments, and it estimates the percentage of lapses, based on the records of life-insurance companies, at seventy-five per cent. Nobody is going to sell diamonds at less than a profit, and nobody is going into the diamond or any other business unless to make money. I would advise "McK." and every one else to buy his diamonds from some jeweler whom he knows and can trust. Life-insurance policies may be permitted to lapse to a considerable extent during the vicissitudes of many years, but a man who is buying a diamond on the installment plan extending over a little more than a year is most unlikely to "lapse" or stop his payments before the expiration of the brief period mentioned.

The Hermit.

If you Feel Irritable

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage, and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

Echo from the London Hygienic Exhibition.

EXTRACT from the report, for which V. Darsy received the large gold medal at the London Hygienic Exhibition, upon his "Dr. Darsy's Toilet Sachets": "V. Darsy and Dr. Darsy only apply themselves to restore youthfulness and to beautify ladies naturally and not artificially. Their Toilet Sachets, composed of natural refreshing substances, daily relieve the complexion of its weariness, impart to it a new freshness, so much so that the face, absorbing at each ablution more freshness than it loses of it, gets younger-looking instead of older." See V. Darsy, who has just opened in New York, at 129 East Twenty-sixth Street, a branch of his Paris house.

Mother's Milk

is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York.

ALL MICHIGAN WELCOMES ALGER.

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF THE EX-SECRETARY OF WAR.



EX-SECRETARY OF WAR ALGER.

WHATEVER place in history may be accorded General Russell A. Alger, there is no doubt as to the position he occupies in the hearts of the people of Michigan, the State in which he has passed his life. No heartier demonstration of profound respect was ever accorded a public man than was given General Alger upon his recent return to Detroit. He returned stripped of official power, and a hundred and fifty thousand friends shouted his welcome.

The reception began early in the morning, when hundreds of workmen invaded Detroit's beautiful streets, tore down unsightly banners that spanned the avenues, and began the work of decoration. Thousands of flags were thrown to the breeze. From every business house great streamers of bunting were hung out, and thousands of lithographs of General Alger were in the windows. The city hall was a mass of color. A huge electric sign, bearing the words "Welcome Home," was hung out, the great frowning mouths of two big cannon, captured nearly a hundred years ago from the British by Commodore Perry, were almost hidden by banks of palms, and above all an immense portrait of General Alger, painted for the occasion by Percy Ives, one of America's greatest painters, was hung from the balcony.

"Michigan welcomes home her honored son, General Alger," was the inscription on a

banner which hung from the sides of a special train of seven cars that bore the reception committee to Toledo, where Detroit's reception began. There were 400 prominent citizens of the State on the train. They included General Alger's personal friends and even his political enemies, which tells better than all else of the admiration Michigan men feel for the ex-secretary as a fellow citizen. As General Alger passed through the cars while speeding homeward there were tears in his eyes as he noted the heartiness of their greeting.

The sun had sunk to rest in the west and only the tallest spires shone with its golden light when the train arrived at Detroit. A carriage drawn by four matchless horses was waiting, and as he appeared thousands of people let out their pent-up feelings in a prolonged cheer, which was carried on until the people along the line of march miles away knew that the train had arrived. Then began the parade. Company after company of soldiery, veterans of the former war and veterans of the late war, in which General Alger had taken so prominent a part, a little party of soldiers who had passed through the horrors of the Santiago campaign, scores of bands, company after company of gayly uniformed members of various civil orders, battalions of firemen and letter-carriers—in short, men from every walk in life, from the millionaire to the workingman, were not ashamed to show their admiration for the man who, only

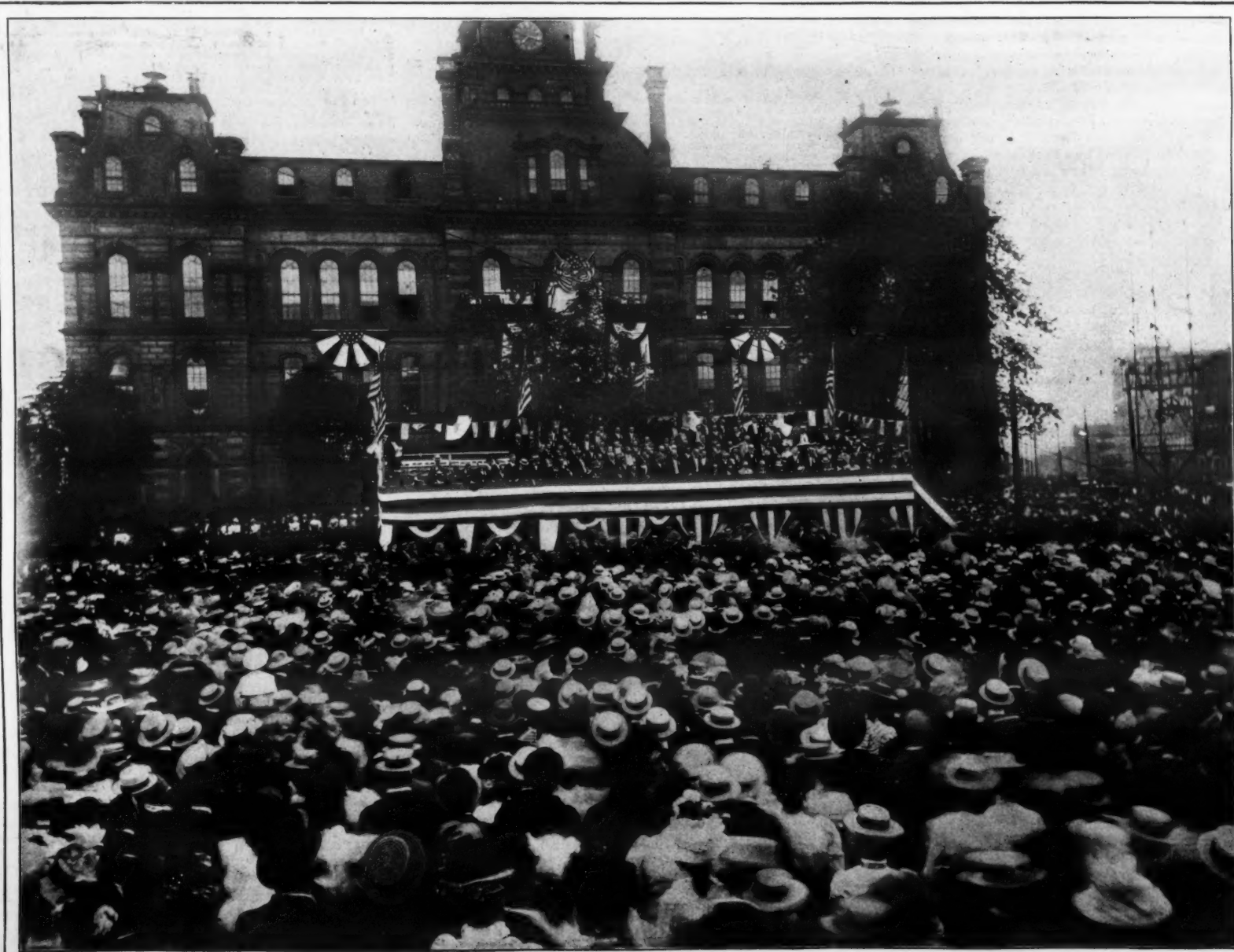
(Continued on page 151.)



A UNIQUE FEATURE OF THE WELCOMING PARADE—GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC VETERANS CARRYING "OLD GLORY."



GENERAL ALGER'S CARRIAGE LEAVING THE DEPOT AND JOINING THE GREAT PARADE.



GENERAL ALGER REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME, IN THE PRESENCE OF 40,000 PERSONS CROWDED IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL—THE THREE CENTRAL FIGURES ARE MAYOR MAYBURY, GOVERNOR PINGREE, AND GENERAL ALGER, STANDING IN THE ORDER NAMED.



SYRUP OF FIGS
ACTS GENTLY ON THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS
CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY,
GOLDS HEADACHES
OVERCOMES & FEVERS
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.
TO GET
BUY THE GENUINE - MAN'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
 LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

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 and Vienna, in

LADIES' DRIVING COATS,
ULSTERS AND TOP COATS

For the Coming Fall and Winter Season.

Orders accepted at very moderate
 Prices.

THE "ROYAL LIMITED"
 MOST SUPERB DAY TRAIN IN THE WORLD.
 DAILY BETWEEN
NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
BALTIMORE,
WASHINGTON.
 LV. NEW YORK 3:00 P.M.-AR. WASH'N 8:00 P.M.
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CASH for acceptable ideas. State if patented.
OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10
 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
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 WILLIAM BARKER
 COMPANY.
COLLARS
AND CUFFS
 WEST TROY,
 N. Y.

PUBLISHERS,
PRINTERS AND
LITHOGRAPHERS

AND TAIL.
UNCLE HIRAM—"I tell ye I'm right in fer
 the annexation of a good slice of China. I be-
 lieve the United States is able to an' could
 annex a piece of that old empire with at least
 a hundred million people in it."
Uncle Silas—"Annex a hundred million?
 Well—er—er—would that be a colony or the
 headquarters?"—*Judge.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.
"I BOUGHT that canary for a song," said
 Mrs. Tenspot in a dejected tone.
"Well?" replied Mrs. Gazzam.
"Well, he won't sing."—*Judge.*

SURE DEATH.
LULU—"The wretch! He said if I refused
 him he would take a dose of poison then and
 there. I refused him."
Mabel—"Ah! And what did he do?"
Lulu—"Lit a cigarette."—*Judge.*

For the essence of all that's smooth, subtle, palat-
 able and delicious, try a Kremette Punch. Ask your
 grocer about Kremette, the new French ice-cream
 dressing. Order a bottle from him. Make a Krem-
 ette Punch yourself by adding Kremette to vanilla
 ice-cream and serve in a punch-glass. Kremette, the
 latest production of G. F. Heublein & Brother, pos-
 sesses, as do all their other products, those qualities
 dependent upon infinite care and absolute purity.

For looseness of bowels Dr. Siegert's Angostura
 Bitters is a positive specific.

The Sohmer Piano is so honestly made that contin-
 uous severe use will not impair its splendid qualities
 of tone and action.

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, re-
 novates the system, keeps it in good condition. Use
 three times a day and learn good results of this
 pleasant-to-take tonic.

An American make, superior to any European
 make, its bouquet lovely. Cook's Imperial Cham-
 pagne Extra Dry.

There is for the true patriot but one God, one
 country, and one Pond's Extract to soothe his
 pains.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soot-
 ing Syrup should always be used for children teet-
 ling. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays
 all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for
 diarrhoea.

WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

The annual summer time-table of the West Shore
 Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There
 are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chic-
 ago and St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, mak-
 ing the usual fast time through to Chicago and St.
 Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Ex-
 press, and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Lim-
 ited are shown on the new schedule, and com-
 menced running June 30th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mount-
 ain service will be the running of a Catskill Mount-
 ain Sunday Special, which will leave New York at
 10:00 A. M.

There are many improvements made in the local
 service. All trains running in connection with the
 Fitchburg Railroad on and after June 4th will run
 via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as hereto-
 fore.

The fast national limited train, known as No. 19,
 will run daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly
 known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont
 and Hampton Ferry is shown as Otselaciff.

THE LUXURY OF MODERN TRAVEL.

PULLMAN Parlor smoking-cars are provided on the
 two-hour trains between Philadelphia and New York
 by the Philadelphia and Reading route, in addition
 to the regular Pullman Parlor cars which are op-
 erated on all the Philadelphia and Reading fast trains.
 A fast train to New York nearly every hour of the
 day. In addition to the regular Liberty Street ferry
 service, a new terminal has been established at the
 Battery, foot of Whitehall Street, South Ferry, the
 most convenient place in New York to land. All ele-
 vated railroads, nearly all New York surface lines
 up-town, ferries to Brooklyn, Staten Island and
 Coney Island, leave from under the same roof. Just
 try this route once. Engines burn hard coal. No
 smoke.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DEN-
 TIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

SHAKESPEARE wrote, "Kings it makes gods, and
 meaner creatures kings," and later on Charles Dick-
 ens spoke of the American Cocktails as the eighth
 wonder of the world. The morning "after" the
 night before "we must have a Gin Cocktail; be-
 fore luncheon a Vermouth or Plymouth for an appetiz-
 er. Later on the bewitching Manhattan, or the seductive
 Martini, winding up with Whiskey, if he has pron-
 ised his wife to come home early. Admitting that the
 cocktail is the National American drink, the ques-
 tion arises how to get the best.

The name of "Heublein," of Hartford, Connecti-
 cut, is at once suggested as the originator of the
 "all ready for use" Club Cocktails. The argument
 in their favor is that they are always the same in
 quantity of ingredients and the quality of goods,
 that they are perfectly blended, and have been kept
 six months before bottling.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encamp-
 ment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held
 at Philadelphia on September 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th,
 and 9th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will
 sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Phila-
 delphia at rate of single fare for the round trip, ex-
 cept that the fare from New York and Baltimore
 will be \$3; from Newark, New Jersey, \$2.85; from
 Elizabeth, New Jersey, \$2.75, and proportionate rates
 from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2d, 3d, 4th, and
 5th, good to return until September 12th, inclusive;
 but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Phila-
 delphia on September 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or 9th, and
 the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be ex-
 tended to September 30th, inclusive.

SIDE TRIPS.
 Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point
 Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battle-
 fields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.

"What you want when you want it"

Libby's Luncheons

Delicious, delightful, delectable meat
 dainties—always all ready—no fire,
 no bother—all you have to do is to
 serve—for home, for picnics, for
 everywhere.

Veal Loaf **Ox Tongue (whole)**

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue

Wafer Sliced **Deviled Ham**

Smoked Beef **Brisket Beef**

Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans.

Libby's Home-Baked Pork and Beans.

The kind which taste even better than those
 mother used to bake. Our Booklet, "How
 to Make Good Things to Eat" yours for a
 postal.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

Blue

Blue is the Dyspeptic
Blue is the Bottle

Rosy is the man after taking
 from the Blue bottle of

JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE
TABLETS.

FINANCIAL.

Industrial
Consolidations
Organized
and
Underwritten

Combinations of good
 industrial enterprises
 organized and incor-
 porated under the
 laws of any State,
 and underwriting of
 first-class industrial
 and other corporation
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Send 25 cents to C. A. Higgins,
 A. G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. R'y, Great
 Northern Bldg., Chicago, for copy
 of Aztec Calendar, July to Decem-
 ber. Contains six separate repro-
 ductions in color (8x11 inches) of
 Burbank's Pueblo Indian portraits
 —the season's art sensation. Also
 engraved cover representing an-
 cient Aztec calendar stone. A hand-
 some and unique souvenir; edition
 limited; order early.



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 Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps
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The Great National Medium—Circulates Every-
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Club
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 MANHATTAN.
 MARTINI, WHISKEY,
 HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
 VERMOUTH, AND YORK.
A COCKTAIL MUST BE
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO
SERVE IN PERFECT
CONDITION. POUR
OVER CRACKED ICE,
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR
AND STRAIN OFF.
 G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
 39 BROADWAY NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.
 AND 20 PRINCELY W. LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Good old Ramblers"

The old timers among cyclists,
 who have gone through the whole
 experimental stage of "wheel
 trying" and "wheel buying," gen-
 erally feel secure and settled
 with

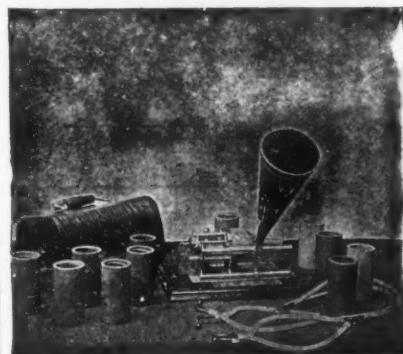
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 provides you with our \$19.00 Graphophone
 Combination, and includes

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
 for one year, at \$1.00 a week for 15 weeks.
 Most successful installment-payment plan ever
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CURED while
You Sleep
8,000 Cured in
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 Dr. Carter's GRAN-SOLVENT will dislodge, digest
 and forever remove STRICTURE in 15 days. Bougies
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 the various publications of **THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.**



MOUNT DESERT FERRY—THE LANDING WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED IS INDICATED BY THE WHITE SAIL.



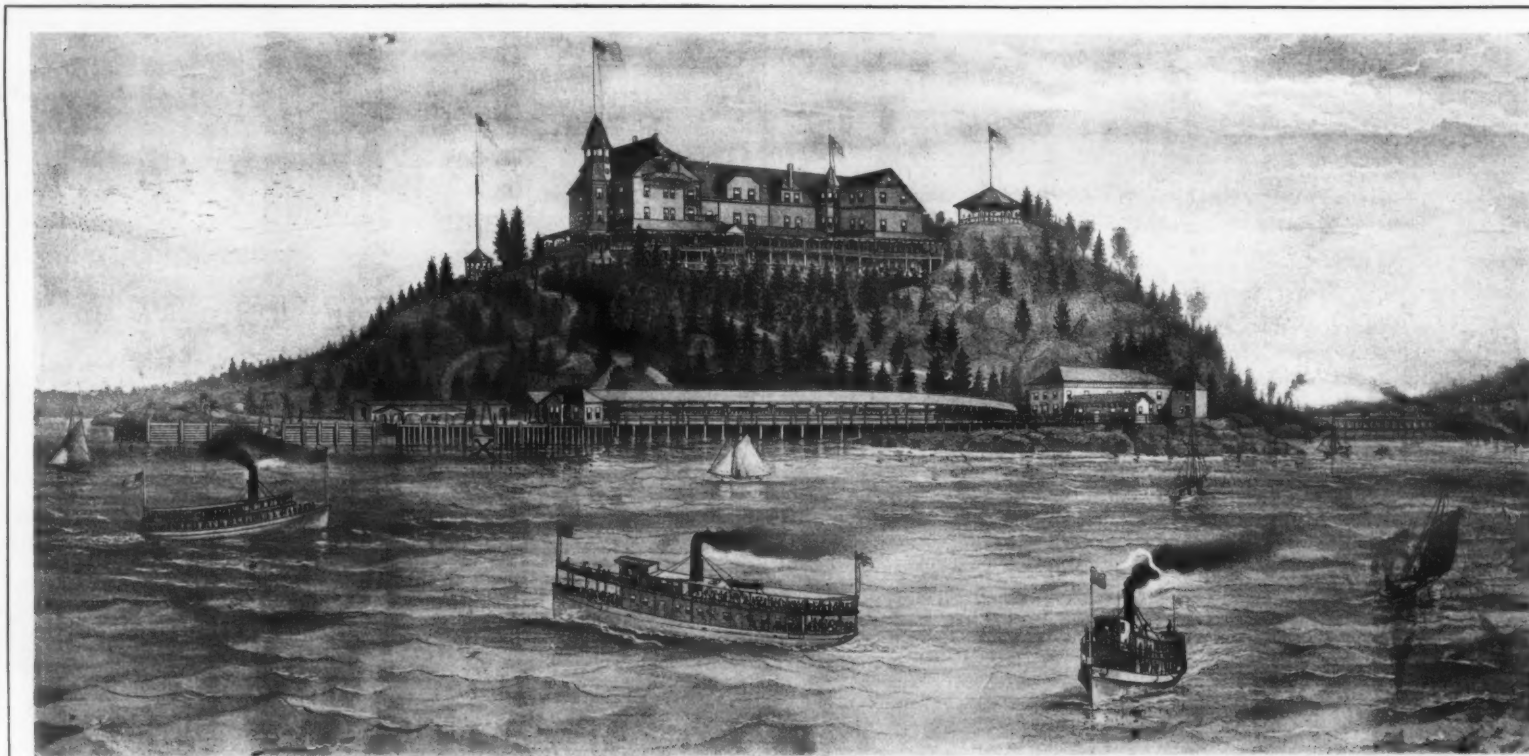
THE HOTEL NEAR THE LANDING, WHICH WAS USED AS AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL.



THE ILL-FATED CAR, LYING IN THE MUD UNDER THE TRESTLE.



THE BROKEN BEAM MARKED WITH A WHITE RING SHOWS WHERE THE CAR DASHED OFF THE TRESTLE.

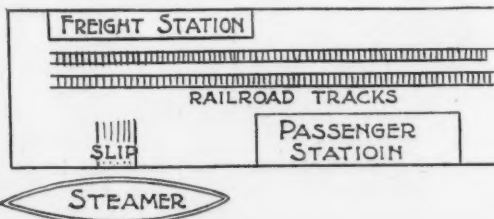


SCENE OF THE FRIGHTFUL MOUNT DESERT CATASTROPHE—THE SLIP WHERE OVER TWENTY LIVES WERE LOST IS INDICATED BY AN X.—By courtesy of the Lewiston (Maine) Evening Journal

Two Terrible Sunday Disasters.

MAINE EXCURSIONISTS DROWNED BY THE SCORE AT MOUNT DESERT, AND OVER THIRTY PASSENGERS KILLED NEAR STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT, BY THE PLUNGE OF A TROLLEY-CAR.

Two extraordinary calamities, both to Sunday excursion parties, occurred on the sixth of August. An excursion on the Maine Central Railroad carried a large crowd of visitors to Mount Desert, on their way to Bar Harbor, to obtain a view of Sampson's fleet of war-vessels. The division of the Maine Central on which the excursionists were traveling terminated at Mount Desert, eight miles from Bar Harbor. The cars ran alongside the wharf where the ferry-boat was taken at the landing for the remainder of the journey to Bar Harbor. The transfer from the train to the boat was made in a narrow inclosure like the ordinary ferry-slip, and a bridge, fifteen feet long, merely a gang-plank hinged to the wharf, connected the latter with the boat. Over 200 passengers, with true American impetuosity, rushed from the train to secure advantageous places on the boat.



This load of people upon the gang-plank was too much for the latter, and it broke dropping its precious burden of human beings, men, women, and children, into the cold water underneath, where the depth was twenty feet. Over a hundred persons, old and young, were engulfed in the waters, but all but about twenty, it is believed, were rescued. The injured were

cared for in the railroad-station, the passenger coaches, and the hotel near by, and the scene as the bodies were identified was most terrible.

The second Sunday catastrophe was caused by a runaway trolley-car near Stratford, Connecticut. It plunged over a trestle fifty feet high. The trolley line is known as "the Shelton Extension," and runs between Shelton and Bridgeport, Connecticut. It had been opened on the day of the accident for the first time for general travel. The trestle where the accident occurred is 440 feet long, made of iron, with a stone foundation, but without guard-rails, so that when the car in its mad career jumped from the rails nothing prevented its fall with its half-hundred passengers, who, a moment before, had been singing and laughing. The motorman jumped in the nick of time to save himself. The car turned completely over and sank in the mud flats underneath. The heavy electric motor, weighing over 8,000 pounds, broke from its fastenings and crashed upon the smothering passengers, mangle many of them to death. Help was promptly at hand, and twenty-seven passengers were found piled up dead in the interior of the car.

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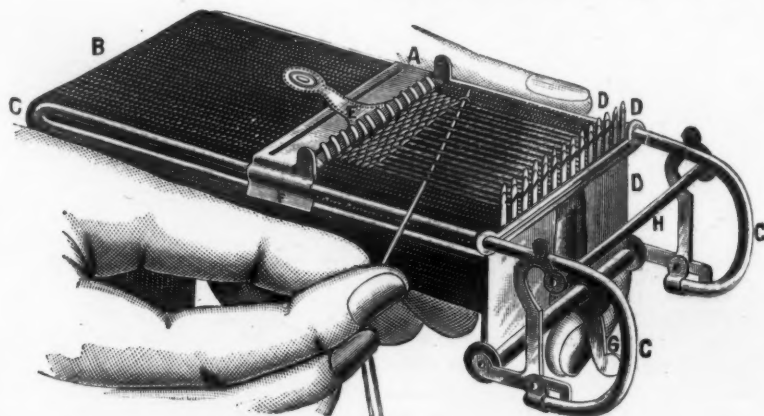
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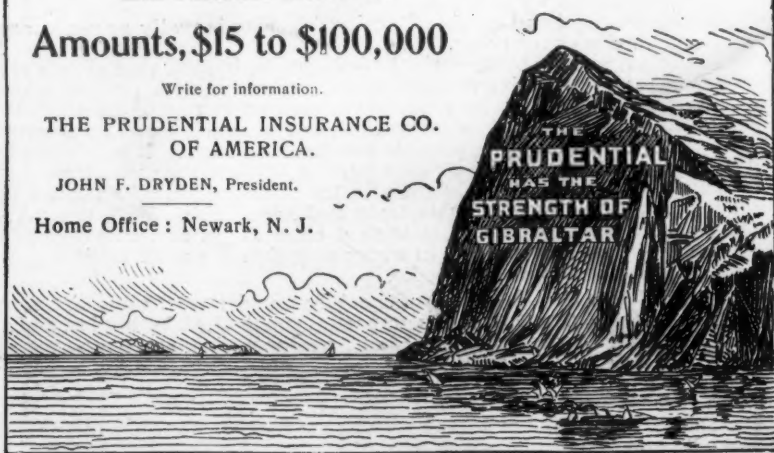
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